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RADZIVIL,

A

ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS

OF

THE CELEBRATED

M. WOCKLOW.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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M DCC XC.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

AUTHOR's PREFACE.

IT is not permitted to many to inſtruct mankind: ſurely, it is no very mean office, to afford an innocent amuſement, to the neceſſary hours of relaxation: this I have attempted: if I fail to amuſe, at leaſt, I ſhall not corrupt.

Paris and London teem with books written to this

end; in the peruſal of ſuch I have paſſed many happy hours. In this trifling Romance, I have ſought to imitate them; with what ſucceſs, the public, from the prevalence of both languages in this city, but particularly the French, (into which the beſt Engliſh Novels are tranſlated) will be enabled to judge.

Peterſburg, 1789.

THE

THE

EDITOR's PREFACE.

MR. WOCKLOW, or rather WOCKLOFF (for ſo is his name ſpelt in the Ruſs, though it is pronounced Wocklow) is much celebrated in his own country, as a writer of imagination. His Plays and Romances are held in high eſtimation.

Vigilant as are the ready penmen of this metropolis, in the buſineſs of tranſlation, it is matter of wonder, that an author, ſo celebrated in his own tongue, ſhould not yet be known in our's; probably the little progreſs that has hitherto been made in the Ruſſian language, is the cauſe of this.

We owe the preſent tranſlation to the following circumſtance.

A young gentleman (who will not permit me to mention his name,

name, till he knows the ſucceſs of his labours) has been placed, for ſome years, in an opulent mercantile houſe, at Peterſburg. In the courſe of his reſidence and occupation there, he acquired a competent knowledge of the Ruſſian language; and when this work fell in his way, amuſed himſelf by tranſlating it.

His tranſlation he remitted over to the preſent editor, who has been compelled, from the many dialectic

dialectic ſingularities, with which the copy abounds, almoſt to re-write it.

The utmoſt merit he can boaſt, unacquainted, as he confeſſes himſelf to be, with the language in which it is written, is, that he has adhered to the ſpirit of his friend's tranſlation; the only objection to the publication of which, ſeemed to be its extreme cloſeneſs and fidelity.

The

The editor has indeed taken the liberty to divide the narrative part into chapters, leſt one long, uniform narration, might fatigue a mind ſo accuſtomed to the relief of ſections, as that of an Engliſh novel reader; for, though the author ſeems ſo ſtrongly convinced, that his romance reſembles an Engliſh novel, the editor cannot help entertaining ſome doubts on the ſubject.

In

In the perusal of this romance, it will probably occur to many readers, that the title might have been altered, without injuring the work. The editor did not think himself authorised to do it.

RAD-

RADZIVIL.

INTRODUCTION.

IT was in the concluding year of our late war with the Turks, that a ſmall, but well inhabited town, on the eaſtern frontiers of Poland, found itſelf vigorouſly attacked, by a numerous body of thoſe ſavage partiſans, who hover perpetually round the wings of the Turkiſh ſquadrons, and mark the fatal line of their march with a more expanded deſolation.

The fortifications of this place, which were chiefly of wood, had, hitherto, happily reſiſted their ſudden and unſkilful attacks; but every thing was to be dreaded from a general aſſault, as there were not troops enough in the town to man the works, feeble as thoſe works were.

It is not eaſy to convey an idea of the ſettled deſpair, which ſat on the countenances of the terrified inhabitants, from a well founded dread of the extreme miſeries to which they might be liable, when expoſed to the unbridled rage of this Tartarian banditti.

To add to their calamities, they found themſelves without a leader, whoſe

whoſe rank and experience might qualify him to head their handful of troops, moſt of their officers having fallen in a late bold, but injudicious ſally.

Amid this general deſpondency, the two lovely and accompliſhed daughters of Count Radzivil Coloni, a Poliſh nobleman, of conſiderable rank, and a lieutenant general in our ſervice, were ſeen at one of the windows of their palace; a town reſidence to which they had retired from a very magnificent country ſeat, on the firſt irruption of theſe barbarians. They gazed on the wretched inhabitants, who thronged the ſtreets, in mute deſpair.

They were two beautiful ſtatues of ſettled ſpeechleſs terror; the people

looked up, but found no relief from their countenances, yet they bleſſed them, prayed for them, and wept aloud.

At this inſtant a confuſed murmur was heard at a diſtance, but whether it proceeded from joy or grief was for a moment unknown; there could be but little hope that it aroſe from the former, and the period of ſuſpence was dreadful! it was a momentary dominion of ſilent horror!

As the tumult approached, however, the ſhout of exultation was eaſily diſcovered; a young man, dreſſed in the uniform of the Poliſh light cavalry, preſſed a very beautiful black horſe, who was almoſt covered with white

white foam, at full ſpeed, through the ſtreet. Though there was not much time to notice this perſon, as he paſſed, it might be obſerved, that he rode well, and was of a remarkable fine figure, which the compact and becoming dreſs of a light dragoon did not a little contribute to diſplay.

His cloak (having perhaps found it an incumbrance) he had thrown off; his jacket, which ſat cloſe to his body, was of a dark green, trimmed as the Poliſh cavalry wear them, with ſilver loops: two ſilver epaulets on the ſhoulder, proclaimed him an officer of rank, and he wore a helmet, with a cone of fur; the white plume which decorated it, ſeemed very much deranged by hard riding: but what par-

ticularly attracted all eyes, was a ſtream of blood which almoſt covered his right cheek.

Hope is nouriſhed by air; though the circumſtance which had juſt occurred was inexplicable, the fair daughters of Coloni did not fail to derive comfort from it, nor did they remain long before that comfort was in ſome meaſure confirmed to them. They learned that the perſon who had juſt paſſed them, was a young Hungarian officer, in the Poliſh ſervice; the fame of whoſe exploits had long before reached them, though his perſon had been, hitherto, unknown: they were ſoon convinced that the ſhout of joy, which his arrival had given birth to, was a juſt and glorious tribute to his military fame.

This

This officer had been poſted in a town, at no great diſtance, when he learned, by a deſerter from the Tartars, the forlorn ſituation of this place, in which it was well known, there was not an officer of any rank left; he, therefore, demanded permiſſion to throw himſelf into it, and received it, accompanied by a declaration, that he muſt attempt ſo arduous a taſk, alone, as it was abſolutely impoſſible, in the then critical ſituation of affairs, to ſpare a ſingle ſquadron for the relief of the garriſon.

This our young Hungarian undertook to perform: his judgment led him to rely for ſucceſs on the total want of military ſcience and diſcipline, which was conſpicuous in the Tartars,

parti-

particularly when carrying on any operation reſembling a ſiege. He perceived a paſs wholly deſerted by them, through which he judged he might reach one of the gates, and reſolved to attempt it; the event juſtified this reſolution; he met, indeed, with a kind of patrole, conſiſting of three fellows, who attempted to impede his progreſs; and in the event of a ſkirmiſh with them, left only one in a ſituation to purſue him, and that but ſlowly.

A ſtroke from a ſabre, which, glaneing from his helmet, grazed his cheek, cauſed the effuſion of blood before noticed, but proved of no material conſequence, and he ſoon afterwards reached the gates.

Nothing,

Nothing, probably, could have ſaved the town from all the horrors of an aſſault, conducted by ſuch pityleſs barbarians, but the timely arrival of this young officer; for the very next morning was to have witneſſed a fierce and general attack. The knowledge of this circumſtance, and of the extreme ſecurity of the foe, which our young Hungarian had obtained from deſerters, regulated his conduct. After a ſhort repoſe, he ſpent the hours till midnight in collecting the ſquadrons of the garriſon, inſpecting their arms, viewing their horſes, and inſtructing them in thoſe manœuvres on which he meant to rely in the purſuit of his deſign. At the ſilent hour of midnight, he paraded them, well armed and accoutred, in the great ſtreet; rode through their ranks; renewed his inſtructions; and

filed

filed them off in ſilence through a poſtern.

The ſituation of the inhabitants, at this interval of dreadful ſuſpence, will be probably beſt deſcribed by the ſeries of letters, which will chiefly contribute to form the remainder of this little hiſtory, and ſome of which were written under the melancholy impreſſion of the moment.

LET-

LETTER I.

CARELIA AUGUSTA COLONI,

TO

COUNT RADZIVIL COLONI.

COMMANDED by our dear mother to convey to you that picture of our late diſtreſſes, which the preſent ſtate of her feelings will not permit her to contemplate, I am, as yet, at a loſs how I ſhall frame my ſtory, for the ear of a tender and affectionate father. Our dreadful ſituation cannot be truly deſcribed, without too much intereſting your feelings, yet, I am not to learn, that it is my duty to deſcribe it;

it; a duty for my failure, in which I ſhould ſcarcely be aſſured of your pardon, however the compliance with it may pain you.

The melancholy narrative herewith encloſed, in the hand-writing of our dear mother, finiſhes with the critical arrival of the young Baron Mansfeld; for the ſudden agitation of her feelings, on that providential event, would not permit her to proceed. Let me reſume the tale where ſhe has left it.

The evening of that eventful day paſſed in reflections leſs allied to deſpondency, than thoſe we had been for ſome time accuſtomed to indulge; we ſtrove to nouriſh the hope we had conceived,

ceived, by forced reaſonings and improbable tales.

The young Baron was the theme of every tongue; his former exploits were magnified, and his conduct and courage extolled as miraculous.

Our dear mother ſent to requeſt, that he would conſider our houſe as his quarters. The meſſenger returned with the following anſwer.

" The polite attention of the Coun-
" teſs Coloni is as flattering as unme-
" rited: ſhould I neglect the duty in
" which we are all ſo much concern-
" ed, to comply with her invitation, I
" ſhould be unworthy of it. It is,
" however, among my moſt ſanguine
" hopes, that I ſhall have the honor
" to

" to thank her perſonally for her fa-
" vors, when I ſhall have proved them
" not wholly undeſerved.

MANSFELD."

We underſtood, that the Baron was, at this time, employed in a moſt aſſiduous ſurvey of the troops deſtined for his intended operations. It was near midnight, when we heard the trampling of horſes: we ran to the windows, and perceived that the troops were forming in the ſtreet; but all was performed in ſilence; not a ſingle trumpet ſounded: the Baron converſed ſome time with us, and we gathered hopes from his very looks: he appeared, my dear father, what I have often heard you deſcribe a true ſoldier to be, accoutred for ſervice, nothing ſuperfluous,

perfluous, nothing gaudy about him.—The clock from the town houſe ſtruck twelve; he broke off haſtily; ſaluted us by raiſing his hand to his helmet; mounted his horſe, and rode off ſlowly at the head of the troops.

All hearts ſunk as this forlorn hope departed: the people ran in crouds to the ramparts; nor would the dreadful anxiety of the moment permit us to remain behind. My mother ordered ſome of the ſervants to attend us, and we ſlowly followed. Never did I paſs a night ſo ſolemnly dreadful; the air was bleak and chill; the country, from the rampart, involved in a veil of darkneſs, except where a few diſtant lights betrayed the Tartarian camp. Nothing, as I remember, ever ſtruck ſo fearfully upon my feelings, as the dead ſilence

which

which reigned, at long intervals, over ſo vaſt a concourſe of people, interrupted, indeed, at times, by the penſive ſtep of the armed citizens, who were poſted to man the works.

How eagerly did every eye bend to diſcern the path of our horſe, but in vain! nor did we liſten with more ſucceſs; the ſilence of their march ſpeedily mocked our attention:——long had we remained in this ſituation; a murmur of hope ariſing now and then, only to be checked by a deeper murmur of doubt and fear; when a faint and diſtant noiſe from the camp of the Tartars, cauſed every one to hurry to that part of the ramparts, from which it might moſt eaſily be diſcerned.

We

We could now plainly perceive, that a tumult had ariſen in the camp; and a firing, which ſpeedily took place, confirmed us in a conjecture, that our troops were engaged with the enemy. All, then, was awful ſuſpence. Amid the ſhouts of triumph, and the ſhrieks of anguiſh which aroſe, blended with each other, many affected to diſtinguiſh the voices of their countrymen. At length the tumult ſubſided, and all was, for a moment, ſilence. In a ſhort time it broke out again; the noiſe grew louder, and was, apparently, nearer to the town.

We could now perceive, that the tumult which aſſailed our ears was no longer confined to the ſame ſpot; we could trace its progreſs, and, what filled every mind with horror, its

approach towards our walls. A general ſhriek burſt through the mournful ſilence, which had long poſſeſſed the multitude. Should we open our gates, under the dreadful peril of receiving the barbarians? or ſee our brave ſquadrons cut to pieces beneath our walls? The alternative was too horrid for contemplation. How extatic was the gradual revival of our hopes, when we found the tumult grow leſs and leſs audible: it ſeemed every moment to be more diſtant,—gradually ſubſided, nor could it ſoon be traced, even by the niceſt ear.

The day ſpeedily began to dawn, and the firſt object that it diſcloſed, was one of our own dragoons, preſſing his jaded horſe with the utmoſt ſpeed towards the gates. As we preſently afterwards diſcovered

diſcovered three or four more following in the ſame track, and apparently at the ſame ſpeed, we were ſtill in doubt as to the cauſe of this phœnomenon: we were ſpeedily, however, relieved from our ſuſpenſe; for as ſoon as this foremoſt dragoon (who was a ſerjeant, and had outſtripped his party) perceived us collected on the ramparts, he took off his helmet, and waved it over his head.

Never ſhall I again experience a ſenſation equal to that which pervaded my breaſt, at the ſudden and univerſal ſhout of a reſcued people, on this occaſion. The multitude flocked to the gate.

This welcome ſerjeant, as ſoon as he could anſwer the numberleſs queſ-

tions with which he was aſſailed, conveyed the happy information, that our ſoldiers had fallen on the camp of the Tartars, when they were little prepared for ſuch an attack: that, though greatly ſuperior in numbers, they made a poor defence: that, in ſhort, they were wholly cut to pieces, except a ſmall party, which had retreated, and a few priſoners, among whom were the firſt and ſecond in command.

He then informed them, that he had been detached to them for waggons to convey into the town the baggage, amunition, and proviſions, which were taken.

The grateful populace did not omit frequent enquiries after the young Hungarian, and felt the fruits of victory

victory doubly ſweetened to them, when they were told that the ſerjeant had left him ſafe, and in purſuit of the flying Tartars.

Happy in this intelligence, we thought of retiring to enjoy that repoſe to which we had, for ſome time, been ſtrangers.

Our period of reſt was ſhort and broken; for the tumult of joy is as much an enemy to ſleep, as the pang of woe.

We were ſoon informed that our troops were returning, and we aroſe to witneſs, and indeed to join in, the congratulations which were due to them from their reſcued fellow citizens. It was not long before we perceived them

advancing ſlowly. Every man yielded his hand by turns to multitudes, who were proud to graſp it.

At their head, amidſt an exulting croud, who hailed him as their deliverer, rode the young Baron.

The ſhout of triumph around him was checked by the murmur of pity: as he approached we diſcovered that he looked pale and ill; he ſeemed to ſupport himſelf with pain on his horſe, and his right arm hung apparently uſeleſs in a ſling.

Our dear mother inſiſted upon his taking up his abode with us: he alighted with pain, and was ſupported into the houſe. Here his wound, which we underſtood he received from a muſket ſhot

ſhot in the purſuit, was examined by our old and eſteemed ſurgeon, Gellert, who pronounced it not immediately dangerous, but declared that reſt and quiet were eſſential to its cure.

The Baron is ſtill an invalid with us. The town at preſent quiet. The two Tartarian chiefs are detained priſoners, till we can, through them, procure hoſtages from their people, which may ſecure us againſt any future attacks.

It is in this ſituation, ſir, that our mother requeſts your advice; your preſence, we fear, we dare not hope for: ſhe is anxious to remove from this ſcene of danger, but knows not whither to retire——She continually dreads the ſecond appearance of theſe barbarians:

barbarians: in ſhort, ſir, beſides the ſatisfaction we hope to receive, in hearing that you are well and happy, we are anxious for your counſel in the preſent emergency.

CARELIA AUGUSTA COLONI.

LET-

LETTER II.

HENRY BARON MANSFELD

TO

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBERG.

I SENT you a haſty note, informing you of the expedition I was juſt then preparing to ſet out upon, near the banks of the Dnieper. The buſineſs ended in a pretty ſmart ſkirmiſh, during the courſe of which I received a carbine ſhot in my arm: it is now extracted, and I keep it by me as a ſacred depoſit, the evidence of fortune's kindeſt conduct towards me. I ſee your look of ſurpriſe; you begin to think the wound has affected my head; if you

you had ſuſpected my heart, friend, you would, indeed have judged rightly. This wound, from the carbine of a Calmuck, has moſt ſeriouſly affected my heart, and yet I live.—Know, then, that I am at preſent in the arms of the amiable family of Count Radzivil Coloni; and, ſurely, a family more truly amiable does not exiſt.

The Count himſelf, you know, is a Lieutenant General, in the Ruſſian army, and is, conſequently, now on ſervice. His family here conſiſts of the Counteſs and two daughters;—three ſuch women, Albert!——— They repeatedly tell me that they are indebted to me for their lives. I am indebted to them for more than life—for a conſciouſneſs of a ſource of happineſs within me, which I never before knew

knew—for a glorious exchange of mere vegetation, for exiſtence——of apathy for ſentiment—of ſtoiciſm for benevolence.

The Counteſs is one of the moſt accompliſhed women of the age; her accompliſhments have conduced to deck the moſt rigid virtue with the moſt winning charms: her preſence makes more converts to goodneſs, than the doctrines of the moſt ſtern moraliſt; for who, ſeeing virtue ſo ſeducing, can remain vicious?

Never ſhall I forget the looks of this amiable family, on the night before our ſkirmiſh took place. I had drawn up the ſquadrons of the garriſon in the great ſtreet, in which Coloni's palace ſtands: I quitted my horſe, to comfort theſe

theſe amiable females, in whoſe features I ſaw deſpair ſo ſtrongly, and, if you will allow it, ſo beautifully painted: the mother was the picture of aſſumed calmneſs, of confidence affected, in the hour of terror, for the moſt benign, the moſt heavenly purpoſe.

She praiſed, what ſhe was pleaſed to call, my heroiſm; ſhe prayed God to reward it with ſucceſs; that ſucceſs ſhe ſeemed aſſured of, though I could perceive, that in her heart, ſhe much doubted it.

The eldeſt daughter, Auguſta, whoſe countenance, whoſe very form is the reſidence of animation; whoſe every limb is actuated by the expreſſion of the mind; whoſe every attitude is endued with ſoul; whoſe every motion

ſpeaks,

ſpeaks, hung on the queſtions of her mother with an earneſtneſs which made me tremble, leſt ſhe ſhould detect her aſſumed fortitude. With equal vigilance did ſhe await my anſwer. Could I have been brute enough to trifle in ſuch a ſituation, I ſhould have been tempted to do it, that I might have traced the divine changes of a countenance, whoſe chief beauty (and beautiful it is, as that of an angel) conſiſts in its aſtoniſhing variety, in the wonderful conformity of its muſcles to every emotion, in that exquiſite fineneſs of texture which permits her pure blood to become the herald of truth, and nature, in the unreſiſted triumph of feeling, in the unſubdued bluſh of ſenſibility: her animated form is ſymmetry itſelf; her movements thoſe which all-graceful nature probably taught to our

firſt

firſt mother; in ſhort, a faultleſs ſhape obeys the dictates of uncorrupted elegance: ſhe is not fair; I like her the better; what her countenance wants in mere brilliancy of ſkin, is more than compenſated in expreſſion. A long period of anxiety and terror, had, probably, rendered her more pale than uſual; to me that paleneſs was an additional charm.

What were my ſenſations, when I perceived the whole hopes of theſe amiable creatures centered in myſelf? when I became conſcious that it depended much on my exertions to ſave them from deſtruction? As I bade them adieu, the lovely Auguſta preſſed my hand; it was the impulſe of the moment; of a mind agitated at once by fear and hope; yet, I would give worlds

worlds for a repetition of it——it never has been repeated, perhaps it never will——unwelcome thought!——if attentive, endearing aſſiduity, for ages, can attain it, it ſhall be attained.

You will chide, and perhaps pity me for not having yet ſpoken of the other ſiſter; take, then, the only ſketch of her I can afford you at preſent, for I am called away to ſee a drawing juſt finiſhed by the beauteous Auguſta: ſhe is a moſt engaging girl; ſhe is juſt of that age, when the gradual unfolding of a ſtrong underſtanding, and the undiſguiſed effuſions of an amiable heart, poſſeſs ſuch reſiſtleſs charms: as to her perſon, what I have ſaid of her ſiſter read over again, and apply it to her.

She

She is, however, younger than that ſiſter, and conſequently not yet ſo tall, and, in *my* opinion——mark me——not *quite* ſo handſome.

I know no means of conveying a letter to you at preſent; I ſhall, therefore, whenever the fit comes upon me, ſcribble on detached pieces of paper, and, when an opportunity offers, make them up into a packet.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER III.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

THIS charming family grows on me daily; never ſhall I again know comfort out of their ſociety; our walks, our rides, our repaſts, are all delicious! Can you, then, walk and ride? exclaims the prudent Albert; thank Heaven! but what do you do in Coloni's houſe, then?—It is true, I take exerciſe, but my wound is not yet healed, and dear as I love the ſervice, ſacred as I hold my honor, long may it be (I had almoſt ſaid) before my health is reinſtated.

I mentioned Auguſta's drawings; ſhe draws indeed divinely; ſhe poſſeſſes the bold maſterly line unattainable by all but genius: that genius, which lives confeſſed in the mild beam of an expreſſive hazel-eye, enriches the artleſs ſimplicity of her converſation, guides her pencil, and lightens the labour, while it aids the effect of her ſtudies.——

Studies! yes, my friend, on the barbarous frontiers of Poland, have the muſes deigned to take their ſeats. No attainment, which can expand or meliorate the heart; which can improve the manners, or exalt the mind, has this amiable mother neglected to beſtow on her lovely daughters.

They

They are all accompliſhed: I will boldly aſſert, that few women, in the centre of Vienna, Paris, or London, can boaſt equal attainments. At Vienna, indeed, they reſided ſome time for education.

HENRY.

LETTER IV.

HENRY TO ALBERT.

THIS day, as I entered the dining-room, the engaging, the inſinuating little Julia ſprang forward, to meet me: ſhe ſeized me by both hands; "I "know our dear good Baron will "enjoy whatever makes us happy;

" we have ſuch news to day!"—The news was ſpeedily communicated to me: I ſmiled, and affected a pleaſure I did not feel. A truce has taken place between the Ruſſians and the Turks, and the Count is on the road home. I know not why I ſhould not rejoice at this news; I only know that my preſent ſituation is ſo happy, that I dread the ſlighteſt change;——no, be the Count the moſt amiable of men, ſtill the tranquil bliſs I now experience muſt know an alteration. Methinks I hear the wiſe Albert exclaim, And all this without a plan? without an end in view? In truth, my beſt Albert, it is ſo. I am like a man who contemplates a draught of nectar in a goblet of ice, which he dares not lift to his lips, leſt it ſhould melt from his graſp.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER V.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

HOW do I hang on the words of this beſt of mothers, when ſhe relates a thouſand little anecdotes of her daughters, while yet in childhood. They are the emanations of the moſt ſimple and pure benevolence; the ſacred offspring of ſweetneſs in temper, of goodneſs in heart: take the following as a teſt of the truth of this aſſertion.

The old Count, who, from what I can collect, is an upright, rather than a feeling man; was one day ſtanding at the window of a large old caſtle which he poſſeſſes, with very conſiderable domains, at no great diſtance from the town, when he called the attention of the Counteſs, and her two lovely children, to a wretched-looking horſe, grown grey with age, who laboured to draw a cart-load of wood up a gentle aſcent, on an adjacent road.

"That horſe," cried he, "if I "miſtake not, carried me when I was "but a Lieutenant, in the Poliſh ſer-"vice."——"That poor old horſe," cried Auguſta, in a piteous tone; "my "father's horſe ſhould not draw a cart "in his old age." "I gave him to "my ſerjeant, and I think that is he," ſaid

ſaid the Count; and, without further attention to the children, he retired from the window. "If he were mine, "poor old fellow," ſaid the tender little Julia, "he ſhould have the larg- "eſt field in the country to run in, "and he ſhould do no work, and he "ſhould have many brother horſes to "keep him company." Auguſta ſighed: the peaſant ſtruck the poor old animal, and they both involuntarily ſtarted, and uttered an inward ſhriek. They did not quit the window, till the cart was totally out of ſight; and the poor old horſe was much the ſubject of converſation during the reſt of the evening. On the next morning the Counteſs thought ſhe perceived an unuſual complacency in the countenances of the two girls. It was the ſerenity which

which beſpeaks the heart about to be gratified in its firſt wiſh.

The morning had paſt in a little council, on the beſt mode of releaſing the hapleſs object of their compaſſion; and the determination was, that when he went by the next day (for they knew the peaſant, as performing a daily ſtage on that road with his cart, though they had not before particularly remarked this animal) they ſhould watch him till he came to that part of the road which winds round the back of the houſe, and there agree with him for the purchaſe of his horſe, whom they determined to turn out, for the reſt of his life, in their father's paſtures.

The morning was fine; they loitered about the window, at the uſual hour of the

the peaſant's appearance. The moment Auguſta ſaw him at a diſtance, ſhe caſt a glance at Julia, who formed a pretence to quit the room: Auguſta ſoon followed her: they found means to elude the care of their attendants, and ſtole to wait the coming round of the peaſant, on the road behind the caſtle. The moment they perceived him, they ran towards him, when Auguſta thus addreſſed him, "Will you "ſell your horſe, friend?" The peaſant ſtared! "I would give him to "you, my pretty young lady, if he "was worth your having."

"I will not take him," returned Auguſta, "but you muſt let me buy "him." The peaſant knew not what to do. "Aſk what you will," ſaid Julia, who was treaſurer, "do not "think

" think we are unable to pay you." and from a little pocket under her apron ſhe diſplayed four or five pocket pieces of ſilver and gold, and two or three trinkets, which they had received as preſents.

The poor fellow, who was a vaſſal of the Count's, knew not what to do: the young traders were peremptorily; it was almoſt impoſſible to reſiſt them, and he feared to offend; in ſhort, they forced him to accept their price, and to unharneſs the horſe. The only ſtep left for him to take, was to go to the caſtle, and tell his ſtory: he was ſpared that trouble; the ſervants, who had miſſed their young ladies, had left the houſe in ſearch of them. They met them leading the old horſe in his halter, and ſtopping every moment to careſs

and

and talk to him.—Can this ſtory need a comment? Not to you, I am ſure. It will, perhaps, be not unpleaſing to you to learn, that the old horſe ſpent the remainder of his days in the park; and that the peaſant got amply rewarded for his loſs.

HENRY.

LETTER VI.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I THINK by this time you muſt have received my laſt little packet, as it is now above a month ſince I diſpatched it.

The Count has been long with us; whether it is becauſe, as I foretold, he has interrupted our little ſcheme of happineſs, I know not; but he is a ſubject which does not entirely pleaſe me. He is a ſoldier; ſo, I hope and truſt, I am;

am; but he is a ſoldier, merely; he is rough, and ſometimes, I think, inclining to brutality with his family; for ſurely harſhneſs towards ſuch women as theſe bears a ſtrong reſemblance to it.

When introduced to me on his arrival, he received me with that politeneſs of which he is perfect maſter, when he chooſes to aſſume it; but I thought I perceived his attention towards me ſlacken, before he had been long at home: that idea determined me to do what I ought long before to have done; and I am now come back to our quarters, which lie at about the diſtance of ten miles from the caſtle, a ſeat which the family quitted during the war, and to which they are now returned.

In

In conſequence of the treaty of peace, which ſeems now to be near a concluſion, my own troop is the only one left at theſe quarters. I ſhould conſequently be much in want of ſociety, were it not for a neighbouring gentleman (a Count Leonitz) who is the intimate friend of Radzivil. I paſs much of my time at his houſe, which is within half a mile of this place; and ſome of it—at ten miles diſtance from it—but not a word of this—To conclude, I am meditating a plan of that kind at this inſtant, and my horſes are at the door.

HENRY.

LETTER VII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

A PRETTY kind of catechiſm I have undergone; I know not whether I told you that I ſuſpected Coloni's coolneſs towards me to proceed from his having diſcovered my attention to Auguſta. He has watched me with the eye of a lynx. If I would, I cannot conceal my emotions at ſight of her; but I cannot, will not wiſh it; my admiration of her is my pride, my boaſt;

it

it is the tribute of diſcernment to a combination of uncommon endowments; it is the adoration of nature in her nobleſt work! Can I keep her from my thoughts when abſent? It is a vain attempt: Can I, then, command my eye from the ever varying wonders of her animated face?---impoſſible! but now to my catechiſm.

On my arrival at the caſtle, I was introduced to the Counteſs and her daughters. Auguſta was touching the mandoline, while Julia ſung, and the Counteſs was buſied in her embroidery. The ſcene ſtruck forcibly on my feelings: It was one of thoſe tranquil ſcenes which I had ſo often contemplated (till the tear ſtarted into my eye) while I was a happy inmate of the houſe. Gracious Heaven! with what

what rapture do I ſtill dwell on them! It was my taſk, on theſe occaſions, to read to them. How often have I received a ſweet reproof for my neglect, while my eye has wandered from the moſt intereſting page, to gather bliſs from the ſcene around——But to this abominable catechiſm——

The Count entered, and my ſweet deluſive dream vaniſhed: his countenance changed, at ſeeing me; he recovered himſelf, however, and ſaluted me with civility.

I believe I forgot to tell you that there has been, for ſome time, an addition to the amiable part of the ſociety at the caſtle. Caroline Bergen is the daughter of a German Baron, who married a firſt couſin of Coloni:

She had attended her mother (who has been for ſome time a widow, and whoſe reſidence is at Vienna) as far as Cracow, at which place a law-ſuit required her preſence; and the good Caroline, who ſincerely loves her couſins, obtained permiſſion, upon the news, that a truce had been eſtabliſhed, to viſit the Colonis, and procure, if poſſible, the company of her lovely couſins back to Cracow; and from thence, with her mother, to Vienna, where they had not been ſince they were children.

If I had forgot to tell you all this before, or if I have now told it you twice over, impute it to the ſubject I was upon. When I think of theſe women, I can think of nothing elſe. But I am ſtill digreſſing from the Count's catechiſm: the truth is, it is

an

an unpleaſant ſubject, and I do not like to proceed with it——Take, then, briefly the heads of it.

He began with obſervations on the unpleaſant conſequences of the enſuing peace to the younger officers in the ſervice; made ſome round-about enquiries as to my family, which, I thank Heaven, no man has a right to contemn, and became latterly ſo groſsly inquiſitive, as to the ſtate of my affairs, that I actually thought he would have aſked me for the rent roll of my eſtates.

Angry as I felt myſelf at his want of delicacy, I think I ſhould have laughed in his face——The rent roll of *my* eſtates!——It is ſo ludicrous a ſubject!——Methinks I ſee you ſhake your head, my good Albert; methinks

I hear you ſigh, and ſay, this is no laughing matter: true, but I am ſavage enough, juſt now, to jeſt at my own miſeries.

This man put us all out of tune; the good Counteſs ſaw me vexed, and did all that the moſt aſſiduous attention could do to comfort me; ſo did my ſweet little Julia, and her amiable couſin; but Auguſta looked pale and downcaſt. I am returned to quarters in a wretched humour.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

HENRY TO ALBERT.

I HAVE been again at the caſtle; I cannot ſtay away. As I went up to the door, the Count put Auguſta into his carriage; made me a cool bow; ſtepped in himſelf, and drove off. Something in his manner ſtruck me. I learned afterwards, that he had deſigned to go out alone; but, that upon ſeeing me at a diſtance, he had ordered Auguſta to prepare herſelf to attend him.

I entered the caſtle: the Counteſs was employed; Julia and her couſin were in Auguſta's chamber. I enjoyed the privilege of an inmate, and was permitted to attend them. The weather was cold; the chambers of the caſtle are not warmed by ſtoves; there was a fire in a grate: they ſat near it, and permitted me to take a chair between them. Gracious Heaven! what a power have women to ſoothe the anguiſh of the ſoul. Theſe ſweet girls were all ſoftneſs, all ſenſibility, all pity!

Caroline, who has much vivacity, with a portion of feeling, which girls of a lively diſpoſition ſeldom poſſeſs, cenſured Coloni's conduct in pointed terms, for which ſhe was reprimanded by the mild and ſenſible Julia.

Never

Never did I paſs a ſweeter hour, than with theſe lovely couſins.

It grew, however, near dinner time, and, as I felt myſelf in no humour to meet this harſh father, I got up to take my leave. My heart was ſoftened; my ſpirits were depreſſed; I know not otherwiſe how to account for my telling theſe amiable women, that I had called to take my leave of them—at the moment perhaps I had formed a reſolution to quit a ſociety ſo dear to me, but which, I foreſaw, would prove ſo dangerous to my peace. They looked on me with unuſual pity; "And my couſin not at home!" exclaimed Caroline.

I took a hand of each in mine: I raiſed Julia's to my lips, and imprinted on it a fervent kiſs.

Caroline

Caroline had gloves on: take off your glove, ſaid I, or let me take it off.

She looked at Julia, heſitated, half ſmiled, and bade me take it off.

I obeyed, and kiſſed her hand with a ſenſation very like devotion; pure as devotion I am ſure it was. I wiſh, ſaid I, the impreſſion could remain there, you would then ſometimes think of poor Mansfeld.

I had hoped, ſaid I, turning to Julia, that your ſiſter———At that inſtant Auguſta entered the room, pale as death; her cloak thrown careleſly about her; her countenance wholly diſpirited.

We

We were by this time near the door, and not far from a large magnificent old bed, on which lay a rich dreſs of Auguſta, which we had juſt been admiring: ſhe advanced, threw her arm careleſly round the bed poſt, and ſtood like a ſtatue, with her eyes fixed on this dreſs, which ſhe ſtill did not ſeem to ſee. Her ſiſter and couſin preſſed about her, and aſked her ſeveral queſtions, to which ſhe ſcarcely anſwered. I never felt ſo unhappy. I looked in her face; her eyes were ſtill fixed as at firſt: I gently took her hand, as it hung careleſly round the bed poſt, and faultered out, with emotion, "I had hoped, Auguſta"—— She withdrew her hand quietly from mine, and, without looking on either of us, left the room.

I was

I was not prepared for this. "Tell "your ſiſter," ſaid I, to Julia, "I "had hoped for the ſame melancholy "pleaſure in taking my leave of her, "which you and your ſweet couſin "have permitted me to ſeize."

"Tell her I had hoped, once at "leaſt in my life, for the dear pri-"vilege of preſſing her lovely hand "to my lips."

I left the caſtle immediately. What could be the cauſe of Auguſta's myſterious conduct? What the cauſe of her pale countenance; of her languid, yet intereſting appearance? yet did ſhe not look as if any extraordinary accident had happened to her: ſhe ſeemed fatigued, harraſſed and vexed: that unfeel-

unfeeling father muſt have been the cauſe; his rough unmanaged lectures muſt have worn her ſpirits. —— Might he not have been the cauſe of her withdrawing her hand ſo—ſo—— coldly?

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER IX.

HENRY
TO
ALBERT.

WHEN I ceaſed writing yeſterday, I experienced a dejection of ſpirits which forbade me to proceed. This morning I am light as air; my ſoul is ſatisfied. Take the cauſe of all this; but do not moralize; do not tell me by what trifles my heart is elated, by what trifles depreſſed. I am very young; yet, prudence and apathy will come with age.

I had

I had told my friend Julia, for ſo ſhe will be called, that I was engaged, as to day, to the laſt hunting party I ſhould attend in that country; and that I was to meet their friend Leonitz, at a wood, about half way between the caſtle and my quarters, to which place he was to return from the houſe of a friend, with whom he had ſpent a few days.

I had barely reached the unfrequented track which leads to the wood, before I perceived the lovely daughters of Count Radzivil, riding towards me, on the high road——

Let me here pauſe for a moment.—

You have never ſeen the women of Upper Poland ride; you can, therefore

fore, form no idea of their manner, their grace, and their addreſs. They do not ride in the unpleaſing ſtyle of our Hungarian, or of your Saxon women; they ſit ſideways on their horſe, on a ſingular kind of a ſaddle, which they term a ſide ſaddle; a mode of riding into which you would be aſtoniſhed that they could convey ſo much activity, ſecurity, and grace.

Their hair (which they generally wear in beautiful ringlets) they tuck up careleſly under a ſmall round hat, not bigger than a man's hat, and this plain and unadorned, with a ſingle feather.

Their dreſs is of cloth of the fineſt texture, trimmed with ermine, made to ſit cloſe to the body, and peculiarly calcu-

calculated to diſplay a fine form: they wear a petticoat of the ſame ſtuff, and of the uſual length, but not trimmed.

When they ride out merely for exerciſe or parade, they wear an officer's ſaſh, which is faſtened to the right ſhoulder by one end, flows careleſly behind, and is buttoned on the left hip by the other.

When they hunt, which is a favorite diverſion with them in this country, they wear it round the waiſt, faſtened by a large knot on the left ſide, like an officer.

This ſaſh is not merely worn for ornament. When a lady is fatigued by hunting, ſhe has no mode of returning home by a carriage, for the wild part

part of the country in which they hunt is totally impervious to any wheeled vehicle.

When this is the caſe, therefore, the lady, who is always attended by a numerous train of gentlemen and ſervants, diſmounts; this ſaſh (I need not tell you, that ſaſhes of this kind have borne many a brave fellow from the field) is fixed artfully to the ſaddles of two horſes, and forms ſomething like a very ſoft hammock between them. The lady ſeats herſelf at her eaſe; her arm generally round, what they call, the pommel of the ſaddle (the pommel riſes from the ſaddle ſomething in the ſhape of a horn, for the ſecurity of the ſeat) the horſes are carefully conducted by the gentlemen, or their ſervants, and the lady is thus conveyed home.

The

The women, however, are in general ſo healthy, and ſo inured to exerciſe, in this country, that, during my reſidence here, I have been but once a witneſs to this mode of conveyance.

Never did I behold native unalloyed grace more ſweetly reſplendent, than in the perſons of theſe two ſiſters, as they approached me.

Their dreſſes were of dark blue, and their ſaſhes, which they wore round the waiſt, of ſtraw-coloured ſilk.—Their perſons, I have told you before, were moulded by the hand of ſymmetry, and modeled by that of elegance; that eaſe and ſkill in horſemanſhip, which practice will give even to the aukward, here animated the moſt lovely forms.

I ſpurred my horſe towards them: as I approached, Auguſta rode forward to meet me: ſhe ſmiled with ineffable ſweetneſs, and, pulling off her glove, deſired I would ſhake hands.

How did I tremble with bliſs, as I ſeized her lovely hand! I thanked her more with my eyes, than with my tongue, for my tongue faultered.

They had but one ſervant with them; I watched him till I ſaw his eyes turned from us; I lifted the hand I ſtill held in mine, and preſſed it ardently to my lips.

"I did not know," ſaid the charming girl, with much ſweetneſs, "that "you had deſigned to take leave of us, "yeſterday, or I ſhould not have "run

" run away from you. I accuſed
" myſelf of ill-nature, in taking leave
" of our good Baron in ſo unfriendly
" a manner; and, when I heard you
" were to meet Leonitz here to day,
" your little friend and I framed an
" excuſe to ride out, in hopes of
" meeting you, that you might not
" leave the country with an ill opi-
" nion of us."

I could only anſwer in broken ſentences, when Leonitz appeared, with his huntſmen and hounds: And his preſence relieved me!——Relieved me? yes, from a weight of bliſs. He galloped up to the girls, and inſiſted upon their attending him to the chace.

"We will," cried my little friend, "if our good Leonitz will do one "thing."

"Is there any thing I will not do?"

"You muſt go home with us, then, "and you muſt tell our father that you "met us cloſe to the caſtle, and that "you forced us out to hunt with "you, otherwiſe we ſhall get ſcolded "for our long abſence."

This Leonitz promiſed.

Never in my life did I enjoy ſuch a day's hunting, though the ſport was not remarkably good, for we loſt our prey——This was a boar of ſo ſmall a ſize, as are generally the boars of this country, that the hunting him was attended

attended with no idea of danger to the women.

After the morning's ſports, every hour of which, to me, was winged with bliſs, Leonitz attended them home.

I had reſolution enough to leave them within half a mile of the caſtle: the Count's behaviour on the preceding day had hurt my pride, and the little portion of reaſon which remained, told me, it was improper that I ſhould proceed: I tore myſelf, therefore, from this faſcinating little party; I returned home, without perceiving my road, and a ſweet reverie was broken into, by my horſe's ſtopping of his own accord at my quarters.

I was not ſorry to ſpend the evening alone; my heart was full; and I have tried to eaſe it, by communicating a portion of its feelings to the beſt of friends.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER X.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

COUNT Radzivil is the ſtrangeſt man exiſting. Since my laſt interview with his charming daughters, I had been continually employed in reaſoning myſelf out of an almoſt irreſiſtable deſire to call at the caſtle; feeling, as I did, the danger of meeting with a treatment from his abrupt manners, which my pride would ill brook.

I was

I was muſing on this very ſubject the other day, when I rode to the town where I firſt ſaw theſe amiable women, and where fate once bleſt me with the ſacred title of their defender. I met the Count: he ſeemed full of thought; he took me by the hand, and led me ſilently towards his carriage.

When he came near it, he ſtopped, and ſeemed drowned in reflection.

After a ſhort pauſe, he proceeded again; "Come and dine at the caſtle," ſaid he "and I will ſhew you ſome-"thing worthy your admiration; it "is a landſcape, from the pencil of "Auguſta: I have juſt been to be-"ſpeak a frame for it."

He

He then launched out in praiſe of her talents—praiſe, in which I joined with a warmth of admiration, that I was wholly employed in attempts to mitigate, leſt he ſhould diſcover its ſource.

Far from this, it ſeemed as if the flow of a lover's enthuſiaſm was ſcarcely copious enough to fill the ear of a fond father; yet, do I ſuſpect that this man is not ſo fond as proud of her, and that paternal vanity, rather than paternal affection, finds its gratification in the unbounded admiration which her uncommon talents excite.

He took me to dinner with him. The women were ſurpriſed to ſee me.

The

The day paſſed happily away; and I am but juſt arrived at quarters, ruminating on the ſtrange conduct of Coloni, in intoxicating a man, already half mad, with ceaſeleſs praiſes of that daughter, towards whom he ſeems pointedly to diſcourage his attachment!

Is this wanton cruelty; or is it weakneſs? or——ſhall I confeſs my folly?—Albert will at leaſt ſpare his friend—I have been once or twice tempted, by this behaviour in the Count, to encourage ſtrange hopes; and, notwithſtanding my preſent deſtitute ſtate, as to fortune—notwithſtanding the rank, the power, and the wealth of Count Radzivil, to declare to him my——————————; but, if

if his praiſes of her ſhould be the mere effuſions of vanity, am I not far more diſtant from my hopes than before?

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XI.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I WRITE this from a ſmall wretched village, where I have halted my troop to bait. Miſerable is the hovel where I am now ſitting; and miſerable, very miſerable, is its preſent inmate.

Albert,

Albert, my kind Albert, I have left Coloni's amiable, faſcinating family, never perhaps to ſee them more.

I ſwear, unmanly as the weakneſs may appear to you (and to any other but you I ſhould be aſhamed to confeſs it) when I recollect the kind, the tender attention of ſome part of the family, on my bidding them adieu, I can ſcarcely ſuppreſs my tears.

Thus unnerved, thus weakened, how ſhall I ſupport that indignation which I ought to feel at the behaviour of others?——Others? Yes, Albert, the proud, unfeeling Coloni has an ally, who weakens, who melts to tears the honeſt pride which my ſoul ought, but which it ſtruggles in vain, to feed——Alas! the accompliſhed, the gifted

gifted Auguſta, inherits her father's unfeeling heart! perhaps to me alone ſhe is unfeeling; for is ſhe not one of thoſe all-excellent women, whoſe mild unaſſuming virtues were never yet equalled; whoſe ſuperior endowments, enriched by the moſt unaffected ſimplicity of manners, have wholly unfitted me for that every day ſociety which I muſt be doomed to meet with, in my progreſs through this trifling world.

When I laſt wrote to you, I had been careſſed, and even compelled to ſtay to dinner, by this whimſical father. I returned to my quarters, content with my ſituation, not daring, indeed, to look forward to what it might conclude in; but little dreaming that the end of my happineſs was ſo nigh.

I had

I had not been half an hour returned, before a courier arrived, with orders for me to march on the next day, towards Cracow.

Never did I before know what it was to obey a military order with reluctance; but this rendered me miſerable. I half determined not to ſee Coloni's family again; but, as I was to march my troop by his gate, the thing was impoſſible.

When we came within half a mile of his caſtle, on our march, I committed the care of the troop to a ſubaltern, and galloped forward.

The moment I entered I was ſhewn into the ſaloon, at the upper-end of which

which I perceived the Count: before him ſtood a table, covered with maps. On his right hand ſat Auguſta, to whom he was explaining the various marches of the Ruſſian troops, during the late war.

Julia, my friend, my dear little friend Julia, looked over one ſhoulder, and her ſweet couſin, Caroline, over the other. The Counteſs, and Count Leonitz, occupied one ſide of the table.

The moment my name was announced, the Count looked up: he ſtared at me with a countenance, for which, by heavens! had he been any other man, he ſhould have anſwered—never ſpoke to me, but began to retrace his progreſs on the map.

Auguſta

Auguſta, who juſt lifted up her eyes as I entered, caſt them down again, the moment they met mine, and kept them inflexibly fixed on the map, during the whole period of my ſtay; nor had ſhe the compaſſion, even at my parting, though I watched for it— as that bleſſing which ſhould have attended me through a ſorrowful pilgrimage; which ſhould have ſhed comfort over the rigors of an abſence, whoſe very idea, at that moment, bent me to the earth — to give me a ſingle look!

Leonitz, the Counteſs, and my two young friends, ſeemed to ſhudder at the Count's behaviour: even Auguſta herſelf became pale.

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The Counteſs, probably, ſaw me bite my lips, for the Count's conduct ſtung me, though I recovered myſelf ſufficiently to approach the table, and affect to peruſe the map.

Whether ſhe perceived that I held my helmet in my hand, inſtead of my hat (for my Poloneſe cloak did not permit them to ſee that I was full accoutred for the march) or whether ſhe wiſhed to relieve me by converſation, I know not, but ſhe addreſſed me with that tone of benevolence, which long practice has made habitual to her:

"You are not going to leave us, "my good Baron."

I told

I told her, that my troop was on the march; and that I ſhould not have obtruded myſelf upon them, but to take a final leave.

The Count at this looked up, ſeemed aſhamed of his conduct, and ſtammered out a civil ſpeech, to which I was not in temper to reply. I bowed round, and left the room, without obtaining a ſingle look from Auguſta.

The Counteſs, Caroline, and Julia, followed me to the gates.

Never did I experience a ſenſation like that which oppreſſed me, at parting with theſe amiable women.

" I called this morning," ſaid I to the Counteſs, " to thank you for a

" portion of bliſs with which you " have gilded a ſhort period of my " days. It will never be equalled; " but the bare remembrance of it " will bleſs many of my future hours."

The Counteſs was all benignity.

Some time was ſpent in mutual and fervent wiſhes, that we might meet again, till the ſcene became too much for me. I tore myſelf from the embraces of the Counteſs and Caroline, and, with a mind too full for recollection, ran haſtily down the ſteps, to mount my horſe. At the bottom of the ſteps ſomebody caught my hand; it was Julia, who reclined on the baluſtrade, with a countenance of extreme dejection.

" Will

"Will you quit us," ſaid ſhe, with a voice ſcarcely audible, "without taking leave of your *friend.*"

She accented, as ſhe always did, the laſt word.

"Never, never, my little angel," cried I.

I claſped her in my arms; I ſeized both her hands; I preſſed them; I lifted them both alternately to my lips.

She looked me in the face, and affected to ſmile.

She turned ſhort from me, and walked ſlowly up the ſteps.

I was afraid for myſelf, for I found that my voice was gone.

As I turned my horſe round, to give them the laſt parting ſignal, I ſaw that they were all in tears: I clapped my ſpurs to his ſides, and rejoined my troop——and here I am!

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XII.

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBURG,

TO

HENRY BARON MANSFELD.

CAN you, my dear Mansfeld, heſitate a moment, where the intereſt of your future life is ſo materially concerned?

You have not now ſeen that family, in whoſe ſociety, you ſay, the ſole happineſs

pineſs of life conſiſts, for ſix long months; and you would, therefore, take a journey to the confines of Poland, inſtead of joining your new corps, according to orders!

I admit, that it matters little, in this world, on what foundation a man chooſes to build his happineſs; to him, in ſpite of all reaſoning, that alone is the ſeat of bliſs, which he is induced to think ſo.

But, in your preſent ſituation, will not that ſociety, which would otherwiſe ſurround you with the pureſt pleaſures, embitter your happieſt moments? Will you not reflect, that, to obey the impulſe of the moment, for a tranſitory gratification, you put a future,

ture, a permanent, perhaps, Mansfeld, a live-long enjoyment of the ſociety of your Auguſta (whom you vainly attempt to conceal among the reſt of the family) wholly out of your power?

Conſider, for Heaven's ſake, in what character you will appear at the gates of the haughty Count Radzivil; and, if he formerly dreaded your progreſs in the affections of his daughter, how much more juſtly will he dread it now?

The concluſion of the war; the conſequences of which he once ſo ſhrewdly foretold, is now arrived, and you will do too much credit to his prediction, if you ſee him in your preſent ſituation; a diſbanded officer, without reſolution enough to make uſe

uſe of the character which your former ſervices have acquired you, for your future promotion!

That character, and the little ſupport your friends have been able to afford you, though ſecretly oppoſed by your diſhoneſt uncle (pardon the expreſſion) have obtained for you a majority in the Auſtrian ſervice; but you know the ſeverity of our diſcipline: your commiſſion will be ſuperſeded, if you do not immediately join your regiment in the Netherlands.

Is it not, then, madneſs, to travel to the frontiers of Poland? need I add arguments to facts, ſtrong as theſe? If your mind is open to conviction, I think they bear it in them.

You,

You, Mansfeld, who know my heart, know how unpleaſant a taſk it muſt be, to me, to probe deeply the wounds of a friend; yet, I think, the preſent caſe requires it.

I have read all your letters from Poland twice over. I have reflected on our numberleſs converſations on the ſubject. I am, I confeſs, a cold looker on.

I have a doubt which gives me pain, becauſe the communication of it muſt pain you——

Before you meditate a ſecond journey into Poland, aſk—not your heart—but—your head, upon the moſt cool deliberation, whether you have any reaſon to flatter yourſelf, that Auguſta

Coloni

Coloni feels any ſentiment towards you, beyond that friendſhip and eſteem, which the amiable females of the family agree ſo juſtly to beſtow on you.

ALBERT.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

IT is moſt true, ſir, that you are a cold looker on; yet, where there is coolneſs, it does not follow that there diſcernment muſt be alſo.

Give me leave to tell you, that your wonted underſtanding ſeems a little to have forſaken you, in the preſent inſtance.

inſtance. Muſt the progreſs of a tender attachment be neceſſarily marked by thoſe veſtiges, which glare in the eye of every common obſerver? No, ſir, its tokens are ſuch, as none, but the acute and reſtleſs vigilance of a ſtricken heart, can inveſtigate; they are not for the profane.——Pardon me, Albert, but I firmly believe, by your queſtion, you have never loved———

I have laid down the pen for five minutes; your queſtion, Albert, touched me to the quick.

The point is a moſt tender one with me: there is, perhaps, too much foundation for your doubt; nor will you think harſhly of my irritability on the ſubject, when I tell you, that I have often aſked it of myſelf; but, in the end,

end, have always flattered myſelf, that I had reaſon to believe her attached to me; never, I confeſs, ſo violently, as (even had my wiſhes tended that way) to have violated that uncommon propriety in thinking and acting, which has been her great characteriſtic.

I have ſaid, "had my wiſhes tended that way;" alas, if they were bounded by prudence, it is to her circumſpection of conduct they owe it; for, did I imagine ſhe would conſent to it, I very much fear, that, at this moment, I ſhould diſregard what ſhe would ſacrifice; ſhould give up all hopes of future preferment; ſhould urge her to a marriage, which would deſtroy the fortunes of both, and think myſelf happy in the hovel, to which my imprudence had driven us for ſhelter.

As

As it is, however, I feel all the force of the arguments, which your friendſhip has urged. I feel a tie ſtronger than all thoſe arguments: I am not ignorant, Albert, how much you have exerted yourſelf, and urged your friends, to obtain this commiſſion. Unaſſuming Albert!—I ſhall prepare immediately to join the corps.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

Vienna.

AFTER near eleven months reſidence with my regiment, I cannot ceaſe thanking you for your exertions, in procuring me an appointment to the corps, in which I have the honor now to ſerve. And let me tell you, I pay no little compliment to the corps, in dwelling ſo

much on a ſubject which I ought to know, and which I really do know, is ſo unpleaſing to you. Henceforth, however, no more of it.

I know not whether you received my laſt letter, in which I told you, that the Marquis ———, my Colonel, had procured me leave of abſence, that I might reſide ſome time at Vienna, where the law-ſuit, of which my honeſt uncle is the inſtigator, has rendered my preſence abſolutely neceſſary.

I arrived here about three days ago, and am ſettled in the apartments I formerly occupied, near the high bridge.

My

My lawyers bid me hope; and nothing leſs than ſanguine hope would enable me to go through a buſineſs, at once ſo harraſſing and tedious.

Adieu; I ſhall write to you as I did from Poland, whenever I am induced to take up the pen; and ſend you a packet at every opportunity.

HENRY.

LETTER XV.

HENRY TO ALBERT.

I HAD been at a coffee-houſe, in the ſuburbs of Leopolſtadt, the other evening, and was returning, between ſeven and eight o'clock, through a winding ſtreet, near the old gothic palace of the Favorita, when a coach, which paſſed ſo near to me, that I was compelled to ſtand up

up to avoid it, ſuddenly broke down, by the ſnapping of the fore axletree.

I ran immediately to give all the aſſiſtance I was able, and, by the help of the coachman, handed out a young lady, who was ſoon followed by an elderly gentleman.

The lamps were not yet lighted, and the night was particularly dark. To my enquiries, whether they had ſuſtained any injury from the accident, the lady ſeemed too much alarmed to anſwer. The gentleman, however, thanked me politely for my aſſiſtance, and ſaid, the only ill he feared, was, that the young lady, who was an invalid, might take cold; adding, "I moſt heartily wiſh, my dear, I

" had not been prevailed on to ſtay " ſo late."

The night was damp and foggy, and the ſtreets wet. I pulled off a very warm pellice, which I wrapped round the lady, and, perceiving the ſtones on which ſhe ſtood to be exceedingly damp, I threw down a large wolf-ſkin muff, which I uſually carry at this ſeaſon, and inſiſted that ſhe ſhould ſtand on it.

We then conſulted on the beſt mode of proceeding. To think of going on in the coach, was in vain; I propoſed, therefore, putting the lady into ſome adjacent houſe, till a carriage could be ſent for: but, upon the gentleman's ſaying, that his own was not fifty yards off, I begged his aſſiſtance

(for

(for I did not chooſe to truſt to myſelf, in ſo dark and ſlippery an evening) to place the young lady on our arms between us.

In this manner we conveyed her home; the coachman treading the way for us in our front.

The coachman had already rapped at the door, when our lovely burthen (for ſo ſhe proved afterwards) firſt opened her mouth, and, turning to my companion, ſaid, "If it were "not, ſir, for ſaddling you with a "moſt vile compariſon, I ſhould ſay, "that this is like our Poliſh method of "riding."

The voice ſtruck me; but the compariſon more ſtrongly; for I knew that

that the method of conveyance to which ſhe alluded was in practice only on the eaſtern frontiers of Poland.

The door was now opened; the gentleman begged I would excuſe, and follow him. He hurried the lady up ſtairs, who was already ſeated in a very handſome, but plainly furniſhed room. When I entered, ſhe aroſe to receive me, but, upon looking in my face, ſtarted.

Ever ſince I had heard her ſpeak, my heart had beat quick with expectation; nor was I quite ſo much ſurpriſed to behold my ſweet friend Julia, as ſhe probably was, to meet me.

She was much grown; and, perhaps, only looked the more intereſting, from

from the languor which ill health had ſpread over her countenance. She uttered ſomething like a faint ſhriek, and ran with her uſual ſeducing familiarity towards me; but, conſcious, perhaps, of that, which ſhe was not conſcious of eighteen months ago; or feeling, probably, that to be improper now, which could not be improper then, ſhe checked herſelf, and a ſudden bluſh beſpread her pallid cheek; yet ſhe advanced towards me; looked me, with her wonted ſweetneſs, in the face, and offered me her hand, with her uſual frankneſs: that dear hand, whoſe mere touch, like magic, bade a thouſand paſt ſcenes croud on my view, alarmed me for my ſweet friend, and my heart ſunk, when I perceived that it was much thinner than when I left her.

" My

"My friend," ſaid ſhe, in that divine tone of benignity, which ſhe inherits from her amiable mother, "is "deſtined always to relieve us from "one misfortune or another. You "came off better this time, however, "than the laſt; For what," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "is the loſs of a muff, com-"pared to a ſhot from the carbine "of our neighbours, the Calmucks?"

She then introduced me to the gentleman, who had aſſiſted me in conveying her home. He had heard of me from theſe charming women before, and invited me to ſtay ſupper. I did not, you may be ſure, want much preſſing, and I paſſed an evening more replete with bliſs, than any I have known ſince I laſt ſaw my amiable Poliſh friends.

My

My queſtions were much too numerous to admit of anſwers. I learned, however, that the family are in general well, except my little *friend* herſelf (I ſhall never be able to give up that title, notwithſtanding her improved perſon) and ſhe, thank God, is mending daily.

This pleaſing intelligence I received after ſhe left the table laſt night, from the gentleman with whom ſhe now reſides. This gentleman is a phyſician, to whoſe care, from their confidence in his talents, her family became deſirous to truſt her, upon the unpleaſing ſymptoms, that ſhe was, at a very critical period of life, threatened with a conſumption. When this honeſt old fellow gave me ſtrong hopes, that my intereſting little friend would recover her

her health, I filled him half a dozen bumpers; ſhook him a dozen times by the hand, and ſwore that he was the beſt phyſician in the empire: nay, I conſoled him, under a degree of ſelf-condemnation with which he had loaded himſelf, for ſubmitting to dine out that day, under the neceſſity of keeping his fair charge abroad ſo late in the evening.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I ACCEPTED an invitation to dine with my honeſt doctor to day, and was introduced to a ſiſter, who has been for ſome years a widow, and two of her huſband's nieces. Theſe three females conſtitute part of the doctor's houſhold; but, on the night when I ſo luckily met with him in the ſtreet, paſſed

paſſed the evening with the family which he had quitted, on account of Julia's health, ſo that I did not ſee them.

My little friend, thank Heaven, caught no cold that night: ſhe has recovered all that innocent familiarity towards me, which the artleſs ſimplicity of childhood gave birth to, and which, perhaps, the conſciouſneſs of my attachment to her ſiſter bids her ſecurely continue.

In the Doctor's parlour I found Julia, madam Schwartz, the Doctor's ſiſter, and her two nieces. Their curioſity had been much excited, in regard to me: whether they were diſappointed, Heaven knows; it is very probable, however, that they were not per-

perfectly content with me—for, alas! Albert, have I not been fated to ſee the females of Coloni's family, only that I might feel the inferiority of other women?

The aunt, madam Schwartz, is, as well as her nieces, under-bred; a ſtrong flow of animal ſpirits has given her the character of a wit; and a vulgar indiſcriminating bluntneſs, that of poſſeſſing a ſtrong underſtanding.

To me, theſe uncontrouled ſpirits, in an old and vulgar woman, are the moſt annoying things on earth, and blunt familiarity is the devil; not but that I am the moſt confirmed enemy to conſtraint or ceremony of any kind; nor do I know any thing in life more alluring than vivacity; but the moſt

finiſhed manners are abſolutely eſſential to ſeparate vivacity from pertneſs, and eaſe from impudence.

The nieces are chubby uninformed girls; they ſeem to have little or no ſoul about them, but are, apparently good natured, and will be very bearable, till their aunt's care to form them after her own model, ſhall have been crowned with ſucceſs.

How much more attaching was the pale cheek of my little friend, than the ruddy glow of theſe girls; the one ſeemed all ſoul, the others all body. How would the ſight of Julia put to the rout a ſhoal of ſage arguments againſt the ſoul's immortality: ſhe is ſpirit ſcarcely alloyed by body; not but that thoſe philanthrophic philoſophers

phers might find great foundation for their ſophiſms, in the materialiſm of our two nieces.

I had been forcing my attention from my little friend, that I might not loſe my character with thoſe who, I did not doubt, had, from her partiality, been taught to think highly of it, for about half an hour, when dinner was announced, "Come," ſaid Julia, giving me her hand, "I will "ſhew you the way into the dining "room."

We were introduced to an Iriſh prieſt, and two or three gentlemen of the robe, and down we ſat.

"Baron," ſaid the doctor, as he arranged his gueſts, "the two old "friends together."

I placed myſelf by Julia, whoſe vivacity amazed her old friend, the doctor, and charmed the whole table.

Notwithſtanding her unremitting attention to my plate, I ate but little; for we converſed much about the caſtle, and recapitulated many pleaſing ſcenes.

After dinner the doctor joined in our converſation, and launched out boundleſs praiſes of our ſweet Counteſs. Were mine more limited, do you think?

My little friend thanked me, almoſt with tears in her eyes, for my love of her good mother; and though I could not doubt it, ſtill was it the ſweeteſt of conſo-

conſolation to me, to hear the good opinion which that moſt eſtimable of women bears towards me, atteſted by her charming daughter.

" However you love our dear mo-
" ther," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile on her face, and tear in her eye, " you can-
" not love her better than ſhe loves
" you."

The women ſoon left us to our German miſtreſs, the bottle; and our gueſts launched out in praiſe of the artleſs ſimplicity, the native vivacity, and the uncommon good ſenſe of my little Julia.

I ſoon found that theſe praiſes aided the effect of a very moderate

quantity of wine; perhaps their quality was the moſt intoxicating of the two.

I broke from the embraces of this jovial party, at the hazard of being voted a milk ſop, and retired.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

HOW ſeducing, my dear Albert, is that pleaſure which poſſeſſes the mind, as we hang over a detail, even of the moſt trifling events, ſhould thoſe events have taken place amid ſcenes endeared to us, by the faſcinating tie that they have witneſſed hours of happineſs paſſed in the ſociety of thoſe we love: gracious

Heaven! is there a wretched neglected ſhrub on the eſtate of Coloni, that I have not forced into my little friend's notice; that has not afforded a ſweet hour of converſation, in my morning's viſits at the doctor's, which are now my only ſolace, indeed, my ſole refuge from the harraſſing aſſiduities of my lawyers?

I knew not, before, the value of inanimate things: with what contempt have I formerly over-looked objects which are ſince become ſo dear to me? nay, even my little friend grows, if poſſible, more dear to me, as the means by which I am enabled to talk of her lovely, accompliſhed ſiſter: this may indeed ariſe from the warmth with which ſhe herſelf talks of that ſiſter; for, a more pure affection, a friend-

ſhip

ſhip more ſacred, never exiſted, than that which binds theſe inimitable girls.

Julia knows her ſiſter's heart, and loves her: ſhe knows her talents, and looks up to them with a kind of reſpectful adoration: ſhe ſeems to ſee a vaſt difference between that ſiſter and herſelf; and, if ſhe errs in any thing, it is in this; for even I (looking on Auguſta with the eye of a lover, and with a conviction, that there does not probably now exiſt a woman bleſt with ſuch extraordinary talents) ſtill cannot perceive that vaſt difference between them, which Julia herſelf beholds: but, is there not in this modeſty an irreſiſtable charm?

She alarmed me to day by the mention of Prince Wallenſtein: you know he

he is a countryman of your's; you know the extent of his domains, and the rank he bears. Julia carelesly talked of him, as a visitor at the castle, after I had left it.

The ambition of Count Radzivil, and his pride in his heavenly daughter, immediately opened my mind, as to the cause of this visit.

I wound the secret from my little friend—he has offered himself to Augusta, and has been refused!——— refused! Albert; What am I to think of this refusal?---It is not far to the confines of Poland---

Do not think I am mad enough to fly thither without considering what

I am

I am about, but anſwer me ſeriouſly; Is it in woman to refuſe rank and ſplendor, without ſome previous attachment? poh! I am talking of Auguſta, and not of woman in general.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I LEAD Julia perpetually to talk of her ſiſter. By this confeſſion you will diſcover that I am perpetually here. The good old doctor knows of my attachment to Auguſta, and therefore does not look grave upon me.

A thouſand little circumſtances, which concern Auguſta, fill up the happy

happy hours which I paſs with her ſiſter, who looks handſomer every time ſhe talks of her.

The grace and ſkill in riding; the progreſs in ſcience; the drawing; the verſes of Auguſta, form our perpetual topic: in the courſe of which, thoſe anecdotes of childhood occur, which more directly mark the goodneſs of the heart, than the ſtudied diſplay of what the world in general is pleaſed to term Virtue.

On theſe anecdotes does Julia dwell, with a rapture which moſt ſtrongly confirms me in an exalted opinion of that benignity, which could ſo ſtrongly intereſt and attach a ſoul like her's; for ſhe loves Auguſta with a love far ſurpaſſing the love of ſiſters.

I have

I have ſaid, Albert, that you knew not what love was. Let your heart but ſolve the following enigma, and I will acknowledge you a brother of our holy order.

I had been talking with Julia, the other day, on the old ſubject, when ſhe ſuddenly aſked me what my ſituation would be, if I ſhould gain my law-ſuit.

" My ſituation would be more than " affluent," ſaid I.

" I wiſh, with all my ſoul, you may " gain it," replied Julia.

There ſeemed to be ſomething more conveyed in that wiſh, than the mere words implied. It ſeemed to ſay, if your ſituation in life ſatisfied my father,

ther, you might become one of the family.

This led me to a train of reflections on my laſt viſit to the caſtle, which, ſeducing as they may be, are ever embittered with a doubt. I drew my little friend inſenſibly to the ſubject.

"How we all pitied you," ſaid ſhe, "when we ſaw you riding from us, "through the bleak ſnow of that "cheerleſs morning, almoſt turned "out of that houſe, which ought "to have held its doors for ever "open to you. We watched you till "out of ſight.

"I do not know how it was; we "were all depreſſed. Never did I

"paſs

" paſs a more comfortleſs day, than " that of your departure."

" You," ſaid I, taking her little pale hand in mine, " You are my " friend you know, Julia: you, I am " ſure, pitied me; ſo did your amiable " mother, and your charming couſin; " but Auguſta!—was it right, Julia, " not to take leave of me; not ſo " much as to give me a ſingle look " at parting?"

" I taxed her with it," ſaid Julia, " and ſhe ſaid, that my father's pe- " netrating eye was upon her, and " ſhe did not dare to lift her's from " the map."

" How! Julia," exclaimed I, " did " you not tell me before, that ſhe did " not

" not acknowledge there was any " thing——any thing unfriendly in her " conduct?"

" In that ſhe perſiſted at firſt," ſaid Julia, ſmiling ſignificantly; " but ſhe " let the true reaſon ſlip at laſt."

Now, ſir, you are but a novice in love, if you know not that this trifle made me happy for a day.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

HENRY
TO
ALBERT.

YOU ſee me, Albert, plunged into an abyſs of miſery! Fool, fool, that I am! ever to be buoyed up by trifles: the gleam of hope that ſhot athwart me yeſterday, ſerves but to render the pang of to-day more acute. I am deſerted, Albert; or rather, I never was loved! Idle, wretched vanity, which led me to ſuppoſe it.

You,

You, my good Albert, would have opened my eyes to my real ſituation, long ago; but I puſhed from me the friendly hand which was held out to aſſiſt me———

Gracious Heaven! do I exiſt to tell it?—Auguſta, the all-accompliſhed Auguſta! the paragon of women, has left her father's houſe! has entailed diſhonor on herſelf, and her wretched family! has cankered the fruits of that paternal care, which found ceaſeleſs employment in encouraging and expanding the buds of her comprehenſive genius! has tinged the cheek of a moſt amiable mother with the burning bluſh of ſhame! has bedewed it with the bitter tear of parental anguiſh.

Her ſiſter!——but I have not yet ſeen the lovely Julia; I cannot yet ſee her.

Oh, genius! oh, beauty! oh, ye thouſand nameleſs attributes of the once perfect Auguſta, are ye given to women, but to ſhew how contemptible are our richeſt endowments; but to ſhew yourſelves the treacherous allies of virtue! but, perhaps---can I think of this and Auguſta at the ſame time?---but, perhaps, to fall at the feet of, to adminiſter as ſlaves to that groveling appetite, which you have concurred to ſtrengthen!

Eſcaped! fled from her father's houſe! good Heavens! perhaps with ſome hind, ſome wretch, incapable of feeling the value of his prize, debaſed,

as

as it muſt be, by ſuch an action—That ſuperior, that all-intelligent being! that celeſtial habitation of the brighteſt intellectual flame, at this moment, perhaps, bends with fondneſs over ſome half animated clod!———

I, again, take up the pen. I am aſhamed of what I have written, yet will I not blot it out: my heart has long appeared naked before my Albert: I have judged in the moment of phrenzy.

Is it not Auguſta Coloni of whom I have ſpoken? Can purity like her's deſerve ſuch accuſations? Oh, Albert! methinks ſhe now aſks me, How ſhe has merited ſuch reproaches from me? May not her father's tyranny have driven her to ſeek a pro-

tecting roof amid an unfeeling world? Methinks I ſee her countenance clad in the calm dignity of offended virtue: I hear her mildly, yet ſolemnly, conjure me to ſay, If ſhe has ever, in one inſtance, injured me? Never, never! I moſt ſolemnly ſwear; my wretched preſuming vanity has miſled me; I have laden with calumnies a purity againſt which the blind unmanly rage of a wounded ſelf love, could alone harbour a doubt. Does not the lovely girl now ſtand before me, with that mild dejected countenance, which the unmerited ſcorn of an unfeeling world has given her? Do not I hear the pure native unadulterated muſic of her voice, in this gentle reproach?

" I have followed the impulſe of an
" imprudent paſſion: the world de-
" lights

" lights to load me with obloquy;
" but how have I deſerved to meet
" you among theſe cruel oppreſſors?—

I had drawn the laſt picture in colours too ſtrong for my preſent frame of mind. I cannot eaſily purſue the ſubject: I will, however, if I find myſelf adequate to the taſk, relate the circumſtances of that diſcovery which has ſo much affected me.

I went this morning, at the uſual hour, to the doctor's; he was out, on a viſit to a patient, and I enquired after Julia. The ſervant told me ſhe was not quite ſo well as uſual, and ran up ſtairs before to announce me.

As I followed her, I juſt ſaw the gown of Julia, who, at my entrance, quitted the apartment by another door.

This conduct ſurpriſed and alarmed me: the chair ſhe had occupied ſtood before a table, on which were ſome letters open. I waited on the rack of ſuſpence for five minutes, when the maid brought me the following note.

"My Friend,

"Some news from Poland has "rendered me unfit to ſee you: the "letters on the table will beſt ex- "plain my meaning. I would ſay "more, but I cannot.

JULIA."

I went, trembling, towards the table, and there ſaw two letters, which, as I have not ſpirits to copy them, I ſhall encloſe for your peruſal. Return them by the next packet. You will perceive

ceive that they have been wetted by the tears of my amiable friend. I wiſh to ſee her, that I may condole with her; but I do not feel myſelf man enough for the taſk yet.

The firſt letter, I mean that from Auguſta, you will perceive, is dated two months antecedent to that from the Counteſs. It was probably written in anſwer to ſome kind expoſtulations on my behalf, by my little friend.

HENRY.

LETTER XX.

AUGUSTA
TO
JULIA.

I AM hurt, my dear Julia, at your account of our beſt friend Manſfeld. I ſhould be miſerable, ſhould I, by any incautious conduct, have endangered the peace of a man, in himſelf ſo amiable, and who is ſo deſervedly dear to us. That eſteem which I cannot deny him; that gratitude which

which he has a claim to from us all, may, in the moment of joy, have been expreſſed with a warmth not wholly undeſerving of cenſure. But I ſcarcely need aſſure you, my dear Julia, that I never meant to trifle with the happineſs of any man.

To trifle, indeed, in the moſt unjuſtifiable way, would it have been, had I ſuffered our friend to encourage a ſingle hope, which, I was conſcious, could never be fulfilled: for, however my heart may own an eſteem and gratitude towards Mansfeld, to thoſe ſenſations which duty does not, which, indeed duty cannot command, it is totally a ſtranger.

Yet, I am afraid, Julia, you have had ſome cauſe for your ſuſpicions, little

little as I have deſigned to err, my conduct, has, I fear, been in ſome meaſure erroneous.

I have not been without ſuſpicions of Mansfeld's attachment to me; let me ſay, in my vindication, that the moment of ſuſpicion, was that of remorſe, and I planned, and, I truſt, perſevered in an alteration of conduct, which I ſuppoſed calculated to ſubdue any hope my former want of caution might have raiſed.

Your account of your returning health, joined to a very favorable one from the good doctor, has brightened our evenings at the caſtle, which have paſſed heavily indeed, ſince our beſt little Julia's departure.

I almoſt

I almoſt fear to ſay to you, that I regret the hours we paſſed here, when your friend made one of the family; yet, ſurely you will underſtand that I mean no more than I ſay, after what I have moſt ſeriouſly declared.

Indeed, Julia, our evenings are not what they were, my father grows harſh:——this Prince, too.——I will not deny that I have ſome ambition; but to ſacrifice every proſpect of felicity in life, for the wretched ſatisfaction of being permitted to make that ſacrifice in ſtate!

I wiſh my Julia were here; yet, Heaven forbid you ſhould return before your health is thoroughly re-eſtabliſhed,

bliſhed; that Heaven, which alone knows how much I long to ſee you.

What reaſons have I, at this moment, to wiſh for your preſence!

The honeſt courier delivered your's ſafe into my hands, and has promiſed equal care in regard to this.

AUGUSTA.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

THE

COUNTESS

TO

JULIA.

JULIA, my ſweet Julia! my only remaining daughter!——oh, my girl!—I perſuaded myſelf, when I ſat down to write, that I had aſſumed fortitude enough to avoid too ſudden a communication of my own pangs; I had perſuaded myſelf, that I could write to my dear child, even on a ſubject

ſubject like this, with a care for her tender frame, already impaired by ſickneſs, which common humanity would urge to me as a duty—Alas! my child, grief mocks my efforts—Your ſiſter, your once-eſteemed, your careſſed, your adored, your *diſhonored* ſiſter, has left us; has quitted the foſtering, proud arms of her ſilly doating parents, to embrace contempt and infamy! to reward our unceaſing aſſiduities, by loading our declining years with ſorrow and reproach.

CONTINUATION BY THE COUNT.

Your mother is ſo weighed down by the diſgrace which the miſerable fugitive, your ſiſter, has ſhed on all around her, that ſhe is unable to proceed. Take, then, the tale of infamy

ſamy briefly; the ſtate of my own mind will not permit me to be prolix.

With the care of a father, that the uncommon endowments of your ſiſter ſhould not be caſt away; that they ſhould not waſte their ſplendor upon the few beholders, which an obſcure ſituation could alone ſupply; anxious at once to acknowledge and illuſtrate thoſe ſuperior gifts, which nature had kindly beſtowed, and which it became almoſt the buſineſs of my life to foſter and ſupport, with the ſhort-ſighted fondneſs of a parent, I had long laboured to make her the wife of Prince Wallenſtein. There, diſtinguiſhed rank, and unbounded opulence awaited her, within a ſhort week of the day which I had appointed for her admiſſion to

riches

riches and honor, the wretched girl was miſſed!—She muſt have gone off during the preceding night. May the miſery her infamy merits be her portion.

How ſhe could have eſcaped; who can have ſeduced her; who is the villanous partner of her flight, are enigmas equally inexplicable! In a country ſo wild as our's, I ſhould have judged ſuch an elopement impoſſible, but once compleated, it is, from the ſituation, moſt difficult to be traced.

Famine and wretchedneſs may, perhaps, at this moment, be her portion; ſhe may at this moment feel that pang for herſelf, which ſhe never felt for her father.

Conſtrue

Conſtrue not the blot, which has, I know not how, taken place here, as the effect of a tear; no, girl, thank God, my firmer nature knows not to weep over an undutiful child. Take good heed of your own conduct; let the wretched example of your ſiſter ſpeak unceaſingly to your mind; incur not, by the gratification of a fantaſtic appetite, a paternal malediction; beware of what women term love. On her elopement, I knew not whom to ſuſpect, but Baron Mansfeld. Your mother tells me ſhe has heard from you, that he has been for ſome time in Vienna: procure, through the means of the doctor, or ſome other, an account as to his local ſituation, during the laſt month, and ſend it by expreſs. I ſhall ſoon viſit Vienna myſelf.

Your aunt, and couſin Caroline, are expected to return ſoon. On their arrival I deſire you will take up your reſidence with them—I want no additional diſgrace from another daughter: I have a confidence in the doctor; but he may as well viſit you there.

Your mother bleſſes you; while you are a good girl you have the bleſſing of your father alſo.

RADZIVIL COLONI.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I SEE Julia again frequently; amiable girl! how lovely does ſhe appear through the tears which flow for her ſiſter's misfortunes; they flow indeed freely; ſhe does not, before me, ſeek to check them; ſhe ſeems to find comfort in my converſation: my ſole remaining happineſs is centered in her's; we talk, when together, of nothing but

that dear unfortunate ſiſter, till we find ourſelves overwhelmed with a melancholy, which has ſtill ſomething not unpleaſing in it. I never interrupt the torrent of her griefs; perhaps the privilege of weeping freely, and obtaining pity, inſtead of cenſure, from her tears, endears theſe interviews to her.

To indulge our ſorrows is the firſt of conſolations, when that ſorrow is hard to be ſuſtained: to vent it before the unfeeling or indifferent; to render that grief, which is an honor to the heart, the ſubject either of contempt or cenſure, is but to add pain to our former oppreſſion.

Surely, Albert, man is a compoſition of inconſiſtencies, which baffle the

the explication of philoſophers. When I firſt felt the loſs of Auguſta, little did I think that a ſhaft of fate ſo deadly, could contain in it a ſingle alleviating quality; yet, are not the ſweeteſt hours, which fate has left to me, thoſe which I paſs in lamenting that loſs.

HENRY.

LETTER XXIII.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

IT ſeems that my frequent viſits at the doctor's, have cauſed a ſpeculation among his chubby relations.

As I entered the room to day, I perceived ſome ſignificant ſmiles; and my little friend tells me, they long ago obſerved that they ſhould have taken

taken me for her lover, if they had not been told, that I was the lover of her ſiſter.

Do not you ſmile at all this, Albert? Theſe good creatures feel nothing, and conſequently cannot explain any thing which ariſes from feeling.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

AN added ſtroke of miſery, Albert! the garments in which the poor unfortunate Auguſta fled from her paternal manſion, have been offered to ſale, by ſome wandering Tartars, at that ill-fated town where I firſt ſaw her.

All

All the little fabric of hope, which I had laboured to rear in the mind of Julia, has fallen to duſt——

As to my own mind!——Gracious Providence! who tempereſt the burthen to the ſtrength of the bearer, permit not my reaſon to ſink under this calamity.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER. XXV.

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBERG,

TO

HENRY BARON MANSFELD.

FOR God's ſake! my dear Henry, rouſe yourſelf; ſhake off this lethargy of the ſoul: without your own exertions, you are inevitably ruined.

Your enemies, not content with obtaining that decree which effectually precludes you from any hope of enjoying your family eſtate, will not think

think themſelves ſafe, till their oppreſſive machinations have deprived you of your laſt farthing, and perhaps your liberty. I have ſcarcely time to add more, as the courier, by whom this is to be conveyed, refuſes to wait a moment longer.

A current report from your regiment met my ear yeſterday, that if you did not immediately join, you would be ſuperſeded in your majority, and put under arreſt, to be tried by a Court Martial, for having been abſent ſince the expiration of the time permitted to you in your furlough.

Need I add more, to induce you to fly immediately from Vienna, from——————forgive me, Henry, if I ſearch that heart to the bottom, which our long

long friendſhip has taught me to know, perhaps better than my own——the ſuſceptibility of that heart has forged the chains which confine you at Vienna.

You will, I know, ſhudder at the bare idea of that inconſtancy which this hint imputes to you; yet, my dear friend, are not thoſe tête-á-têtes, in which you join your tears with thoſe of this amiable ſiſter, pregnant with danger to your peace?

ALBERT.

LETTER XXVI.

HENRY.

TO

ALBERT.

I SHOULD have anſwered your friendly remonſtrance before, had my ſpirits permitted me to do ſo; but fate has contrived to pour on my head ſuch a torrent of combined evils, that my fortitude has ſcarcely been proof againſt them.

Your

Your hint, Albert, came too late: ever doomed to be the ſport of fortune, my heart has been proof againſt the uncommon excellencies of Julia Coloni, till a fatal period, when a combination of injuſtice and chicanery obtrudes on my view the glaring impropriety of that attachment, which I then diſcover the impoſſibility of ever eradicating. Never will it quit my heart, till that heart has ceaſed to beat; yet never, do I ſolemnly declare, will I attempt to make that amiable creature a partner in the nameleſs miſeries of poverty.

Some time before my Albert's friendſhip had pointed out to him the danger of my ſituation, had I diſcerned that danger myſelf.

The

The laſt melancholy diſcovery, concerning our poor Auguſta, but increaſed the reliſh of Julia and myſelf for our mutual conſolation. As our grief rendered us leſs fit for common ſociety, it endeared to us our own.

I, perhaps blameably, neglected all for the company of my friend (dangerous term!) my friend never diſguiſed, becauſe ſhe never ſuſpected, the pleaſure ſhe took in mine. How ſeducing was the ſatisfaction which played unchecked on her countenance, and which ſhe did not heſitate to manifeſt in every action, at my daily entrance.

How wretchedly fatiguing was the cold jargon of the world, when I quitted the company of Julia. I will not

not deny that I ſometimes ſaw danger lurk in the unreſtrained partiality of this ſeducing girl; but how to tell her ſo? the ſame vanity which induced me to ſee a return of my paſſion in the blameleſs conduct of Auguſta, might again miſlead me. If it was true, was it for me to ſhock her with the truth? and yet, to forego her ſociety, without ſome excuſe, was impoſſible.

It was not long, however, before that diſcovery took place, in a moſt ſingular manner.

Among the other modes which his ſkill dictated to our good doctor, for the re-eſtabliſhment of his lovely patient's health, the faſhionable aid of electricity was called in, to which this

ſweet

ſweet girl generally ſubmitted once a day. We ſurrounded her one day as ſhe ſtood on the glaſs-footed ſtool; never did I ſee a more aerial figure, though, thank God! paſt all danger: ſhe has yet, in complexion, the delicacy of a convaleſcent. I have ſaid, that her form is, perhaps, the moſt perfect human nature can boaſt; her long light hair, which was then wholly uncovered, ſtreamed like a meteor, from the effect of this ſurpriſing element, emitting, at intervals, pale gleams of fire. Her port was more than human. The hair ſo ſtreaming; the countenance ſo animated, and yet ſo delicate; a form ſo ſpiritual, would be the nobleſt ſtudy for a painter, who wiſhed to perſonify the purer eſſence of a celeſtial being.

In this ſituation it was then the doctor's wiſh to draw the ſpark from her left ſide, in which ſhe had before complained of a pain. She turned towards me, with a tone of frankneſs and ſoftneſs, "Come, my "friend," ſaid ſhe, "receive the "*flame* from me." "The *flame*, Ju- "lia," ſaid the doctor, ſignificantly. "Poh," ſaid Julia, "the—ſpark, the "—ſhock, I mean."

"If I am a judge," ſaid that uncouth ſiſter of the doctor's, with her abominable bluntneſs, "they have "both received the ſhock long ago;" and then ſhe laughed. Julia grew paler than uſual, and ſuddenly glowed like crimſon. I was alarmed at her ſituation, and aſked her if ſhe was not well.

She

She complained that her ſide was painful from the proceſs, and begged to be taken down. The conviction of the ſtate of her own heart ſeemed, at that moment, to ruſh on her with all the rapidity of the element to the operation of which ſhe was then ſubmitting. I received her as ſhe deſcended from the ſtool, and placed her in a chair, where ſhe ſoon recovered herſelf.

HENRY.

LETTER XXVII.

HENRY TO ALBERT.

IT is in the hour of miſery alone, Altenberg, that we diſcover the value of friendſhip. Oppreſſed by the moſt cruel misfortunes, I can ſcarcely account for the relief I feel in detailing them to you. Many months are not fled ſince I held my youth and philoſophy a match for the moſt

moſt malicious attack which fate could make againſt me. Where is that glow of mental vigour? Where is that ſhield of philoſophy now?——Julia and poverty!——Julia and reproach! Never, never!——Oh, happy ignorance! had not I diſcovered her fatal attachment, that wound might have been healed, which will now bear me to the grave; for may the heavieſt curſe of poverty light on me, if I ever wed her to that poverty, if I ever mate her ſpotleſs name with ignominy and reproach. I have of late avoided ſeeing her; with how much anguiſh to my heart, that wounded heart alone can know.

I am now retired to a ſmall and—death to my pride——a *mean* lodging, Altenberg, in the ſuburbs: it is ſuited to my finances. Inſatiate, inhuman

uncle! —— how terribly prophetic, my Albert, was thy laſt unregarded letter.

Could I have imagined that his malice would have purſued me even to the plunder of my pittance, my little inheritance of honor in the ſervice? but to have been injured is to incur hatred.

Surely, Altenberg, and I hope I ſpeak it with the modeſty of a ſoldier, the little ſervice that it has been my lot to perform, has ſcarcely deſerved this haſty diſmiſſion.

I had attended the miniſter till my own ſervility, and his neglect, had nearly diſguſted me, when I was told that I was very well off, in having been

been merely ſuperſeded in my majority, without trial.

I urged this as an unprecedented proceeding; and received for anſwer, that if I had been tried, and found guilty, by a Court Martial, of having exceeded the time limited, in my leave of abſence, it would have been worſe for me.

Albert, I am every way oppreſſed. A man may bear up againſt a *ſingle* ſtroke of misfortune; but a painful and ſucceſsleſs ſtand againſt reiterated attacks, will, in the end, break the firmeſt ſpirit. Wretchedneſs is a ſteady though a ſlow miner; and I feel this poor fabric nodding to its fall.

HENRY.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBERG

TO

DR. KINGLEN.

SIR,

THE ſtranger who has the honor to addreſs you, begs you to believe, that nothing but an almoſt inſupportable anxiety of mind could have induced him to trouble you.

I ſeek an unhappy friend. The man who has ſpoken with ſuch veneration of

of you and of the Coloni family, may, perhaps, have mentioned to you the name of Altenberg; he may, perhaps, have mentioned it as the name of one who eſteemed and loved him; I am that Altenberg.

It is now three months ſince I wrote to the unhappy Mansfeld. I have yet received no anſwer.

His laſt letter bore in it the marks of extreme dejection; of ſomething very like deſpair. Heaven forbid, that the melancholy doubts which now diſtract me!———

Your goodneſs will, I am ſure, induce you to excuſe the trouble I have given you, and to put a ſpeedy end

end to the dreadful ſuſpence under which I labour, by favoring me with an anſwer, addreſſed to

COUNT ALTENBERG.

At Frankfort on the Maine.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

MADAM SCHWARTZ

TO

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBERG.

SIR,

MY brother, doctor Kinglen, being now confined to his bed, I take the liberty of anſwering your polite letter. As to your friend, Baron Mansfeld, we have not ſeen him ſince the unfavorable concluſion of

of his law-ſuit; not but that there has been ſighing enough after him.

Your friend is a fickle man, Count. If he has that love for the young lady, Julia Coloni---not that I would accept of any man, who had firſt addreſſed my ſiſter; my heart has too much pride for that, ſir; but all women are not alike.

If he has that love for the young lady which he has led her to believe he has, it is now his time to ſhew it.

I am ſorry, Count, that it is not in my power to give you any information concerning your friend; nor is it very probable that I ſhall, henceforth, be able to do it, as a miſunderſtanding

ſtanding has taken place between my brother, the doctor, and the Coloni family, which has occaſioned the young lady to leave us; and under theſe circumſtances, you know, my dear ſir, there is little probability that we ſhall be honored by a viſit from your friend.

I have the honor to be, &c.

M. SCHWARTZ.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

HENRY BARON MANSFELD

TO

ALBERT COUNT ALTENBERG.

AFTER a long and ſevere illneſs, from which it pleaſed Heaven to raiſe me, that I might enjoy a portion of bliſs ſuperior to that which is the common lot of mortals, I ſeized the firſt moment, on which I found myſelf able to hold a pen, and diſpatched a haſty ſcrawl, to relieve that anxiety, which your friendſhip muſt,

I am

I am conſcious, have created——I now write again, Albert, to unfold to you——but, take the ſtory as it occurs to me, without further preface.

When I laſt wrote to you, I informed you, that I had retired to very cheap and private lodgings, in the ſuburbs of this wealthy metropolis. This proceeding, though highly eſſential, proved very injurious to my health. In a little miſerable room, whoſe ſcanty and crazy furniture depreſſed the imagination with the perpetual image of want, I was compelled to brood over my ſorrows; for the people of the houſe were of a caſt of education ſo totally different from that which had formed the habits of my paſt life, that no effort could enable me ſuddenly to adopt their ſociety.

When

When I caſt my eyes towards my own ſituation; debarred the means of ſupporting the rank which I had derived from my anceſtors; unable to aſſociate with my former companions; when I thought of this, and united with it the never-failing object of my contemplation, the image of Julia, the tear of anguiſh was exhauſted on the burning cheek of ſhame. What! cried I, ſhall the wretched Mansfeld dare even to think on Julia Coloni? Would not the ſons of poverty who ſurround me, and of whoſe ſociety I am now become a member, laugh my vanity to ſcorn, could they conjecture that I harboured an idea ſo extravagant? But ſhould I be mad enough to accoſt her in public, what indelible reproach would it not affix to the name of that amiable girl!

Improper

Improper connection! ſtrange, myſterious familiarity!—Methinks I hear this ecchoed from a thouſand unfeeling, unthinking people around her! The iron-hearted father too, will triumph in his diſcernment, and find conſolation from my diſgrace, even in the contemplation of the matchleſs Auguſta's imprudence. He will flatter himſelf, that whatever may be her fate, ſhe cannot be much more degraded than if ſhe had married ſuch a wretch as Mansfeld.

Such Albert were the thoughts over which I brooded, till a ceaſeleſs anxiety of mind brought on a fever, which a ſtrong conſtitution alone enabled me to overcome.

A conſiderable time paſſed before I was ſo well recovered as to be able to

take that exercise which was alone calculated to recruit my exhausted strength.

One day, when I found myself well enough to take a pretty long morning's walk, though still pale and weak, as I was contemplating the comparative wretchedness which marks the suburbs of this, in common with other great cities, my attention was involuntarily attracted towards a girl, the plainness of whose garb could not disguise the uncommon elegance of her person. I watched her from the door of a mean looking house to an old fountain, which flowed through the mouth of a lion, apparently of marble, into a moss grown bason of the same materials.

This

This fountain ſtill diſplayed the remains of former magnificence: it was ſituate amidſt the rubbiſh of fallen houſes, in the centre of a piece of waſte ground, and had, probably, merely eſcaped a ſhare in the adjacent ruin, from its ſingular utility to the neighbouring inhabitants.

The girl had ſcarcely placed her pitcher under the mouth of the lion, when a jew, of a ſqualid appearance, who was advancing as haſtily as age and extreme corpulence would permit him over ruins, ſuddenly exclaimed, "That is ſhe!" And two ill-looking fellows who attended him, ran forward and ſeized her.

The girl ſhrieked, and the inhabitants, who were ſitting at their doors,

while their children were playing amid the ruins, ſurrounded her in an inſtant. I advanced among the reſt, and tried to get a look over the ſhoulders of the ſurrounding mob, at the lovely cauſe of this tumult, who was ſinking into the arms of one of theſe fellows, overcome with terror.

After waiting for ſome ſeconds, I caught a view of her face, and my blood curdled in my veins! I looked again, the illuſion, as I then imagined it, ſtrengthened. The weakneſs of my body, and my attachment to Julia had, I thought, raiſed a phantom before my eyes, and I was endeavouring to collect myſelf, when a voice, in the ſweet tones of which I could not be miſtaken, ſtruck my ear. "Good Heavens! "What will my dear mother do?

The

The blood which then ſcarcely flowed in my veins, became an impetuous torrent! I broke my way to her in an inſtant. "Can it be Julia Coloni!" cried I—the lovely Julia looked in my face; "Baron Mansfeld! Ever, "ever my deliverer." She ſunk into my arms and fainted.

The ſurrounding multitude were touched with compaſſion, ſome kept off the preſs, that ſhe might get air, while others ran for water.

She at length recovered—I heard the ſweet ſound of her voice again—"For Heaven's ſake, if poſſible, con-"ceal this from my mother." "Is "the counteſs then in Vienna?" ſaid I, with aſtoniſhment—"She occupies "a poor tenement near this very ſpot," ſaid

ſaid Julia with a ſigh.—" What is " the cauſe of all this outrage?" ſaid I to the jew, who ſtood by, ſeemingly in a ſtate of perplexity; " I lend mo- " ney on pledges," ſaid he, " ſhe " pledged at my warehouſe yeſterday, " jewels which cannot be the property " of a perſon in her humble ſituation. " I procured a man to watch her " home, the quarter ſhe lives in, " which is pretty notorious, confirmed " my ſuſpicions."

A murmur aroſe among the mob, " What do you mean?"—" Mean," cried one of the fellows, who had ſeiz- ed Julia, (with more moroſeneſs than prudence) " Why, that this is the re- " ſidence of all the thieves who infeſt " the ſtreets of Vienna."

A gene-

A general tumult now aroſe; the mob ſeized on the old jew and his two companions, and would, probably, have treated them with no great lenity, had not I interpoſed. With ſome difficulty I ſilenced their clamours. I then deſired the jew would tell me his place of reſidence, and promiſed him that in the courſe of the day, I would ſatisfy him of the innocence of my lovely charge.

The poor old fellow and his aſſiſtants, who had been ſufficiently frightened, were glad to get off any how, and ſtole away, amid the ſhouts and hiſſes of the multitude, who accompanied me, while I conducted my fair charge towards the door at which I had firſt ſeen her, murmuring indignation and pity as they went.

The

The noiſe of our approach brought the Counteſs to the door of her houſe; good Heaven's, how unlike the dwelling ſhe had been uſed to inhabit!

The contraſt ſtruck forcibly on my feelings — Julia, with great preſence of mind, ſprang forward, claſped her mother in her arms, and bore her into the houſe; ſo that when I had thanked and diſmiſſed our numerous eſcort, I found the Counteſs quietly ſeated by the ſide of her daughter, in a ſmall, but neat apartment, prepared to liſten with coolneſs to the circumſtances of an event, under which, had ſhe unluckily been preſent, her fortitude would ſcarcely have ſupported her.

What were her ſenſations at the ſight of your unworthy friend? — By Heavens,

Heavens, Albert, this firſt of women wept on my neck like a child. I began to tremble leſt the mingled ſenſations of ſhame, grief, and affection ſhould overpower her.

I drew off her attention, therefore, as ſpeedily as I could, towards the ſingular, though happy, cauſe of our mutual diſcovery. I learned, as indeed I ſuſpected, that ſhe had ſent Julia to pledge ſome of her own jewels for their ſupport. I thought there was no time to be loſt, and ſet out for the ſhop of the jew, having promiſed to return and dine with theſe revered women.

I ſtated the ſituation of Julia, though not her name, to the old Iſraelite; my own name, however, I did not conceal, and ſo perfectly convinced the jew of my

my rank in life, by referring to people of credit, that he told me he knew the reſpectability of my family name, and entertained no doubts of the truth of the ſtory I had told. He ſaid, that what every man owed to public juſtice—(but moſt probably his true motive was the hope of a bribe for his connivance)—had induced him to take the ſtep he had taken.

He added, that his ſuſpicions received much confirmation from the notorious character of the place in which this unfortunate lady had taken up her reſidence, which he aſſured me was the harbour of the moſt notorious rogues in the whole city.

I parted with the jew, and returned to ſuch a meal, Albert!——No, never

never in the hours of convivial mirth, unbridled ſpirits, and exalted feſtivity; never, in the pride of blooming youth, high expectations, and affluent fortune—never, at the moſt profuſe board—never, where refined luxury detailed her moſt tempting ſeductions —did I enjoy a portion of bliſs in any degree comparable to that which this frugal meal afforded. It was that chaſtened pleaſure which fills the heart. By Heavens! Albert, I could have wept—but for ſhame.

On my return from the houſe of the jew, I found every thing prepared for my reception, and if the utmoſt neatneſs can adorn a repaſt, this was, indeed, adorned.

The

We were attended at dinner by a pretty little girl, whoſe abſence at the butcher's, was the occaſion of Julia's journey to the fountain, and of a meeting, for which I have never ſince ceaſed to thank an interpoſing providence.

You are impatient, I doubt not, Albert, to know the cauſe of this ſingular meeting. Alas! as to that I am almoſt as ignorant as you can be; take then, the little intelligence I have been able to procure from the Counteſs.

Three months have not wholly elapſed, ſince the caſtle of Coloni was ſurrounded by a party of ſoldiers, and an officer, commiſſioned by the Diet, ſeized on the Count's perſon. The good Counteſs was permitted to depart with

with ſome jewels, receiving at the ſame time, a hint to quit the Poliſh dominions.

As to the cauſe of Coloni's impriſonment, it was, perhaps, unknown to the officer who arreſted him. Perhaps he was not permitted to divulge it. The Counteſs conjectures, that his promotion in the Ruſſian ſervice, and the attention paid him at the court of Peterſburg, may have given umbrage to ſome of the powers, to whom the Diet is compelled to ſubmit.

This amiable woman retired immediately to Vienna; for her thoughts were now occupied on their ſole remaining object, the lovely Julia.—What muſt that charming girl have felt, at the ſight of her mother, under

ſuch

ſuch circumſtances?---Not to dwell on a ſubject like this, as Caroline and her mother were ſtill at Cracow, the Counteſs was compelled to take up her reſidence with my old friend the doctor.

The poor old man, whom illneſs has much enfeebled, has been, of late, wholly governed by that uncouth ſiſter, whom I formerly mentioned to you.

This unfeeling creature was no ſooner acquainted with the ſituation of the Counteſs, than her behaviour became viſibly altered towards her, and at length, the uncomfortable plain-dealing, ſhe ſo much boaſts of, gradually grew into rudeneſs ſo unpalliated, that the Counteſs was compelled to quit her ſituation.

Chance

Chance conducted her into the ſuburb where I found her; ſhe knew not the character of the place, and the cheap rent of the tenement, which is not void of neatneſs, agreed, but too well with her finances; as did its ſituation, with her wiſh for retirement.

It was late in the evening before I could prevail upon myſelf to quit a ſociety ſo dear to me.

The next morning I dedicated to the pleaſing taſk of procuring a ſmall houſe for them, at no great diſtance from my own lodging, in which, thank Heaven! they are now ſituate, and in which I paſs ſome of the happieſt hours that have been my portion on earth.

MANSFELD.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

HENRY

TO

ALBERT.

I HAVE in vain ſolicited to be reinſtated in the ſervice. The machinations of my uncle, who, I ſuppoſe, dreads the idea of my poſſeſſing even a competency, leſt I ſhould conteſt with him the validity of this fatal decree, has palpably dictated to the perſons in office, an anſwer, which has at length exhauſted the little ſtock of patience

tience Providence had beſtowed upon me; and I am determined to dance attendance upon miniſters no longer —I am weary of being told that "I "am well off," when I am upon the verge of famine. I will honeſtly confeſs, I might, perhaps, have perſevered ſomewhat longer in this diſheartening purſuit, had not a particular motive ſtrengthened my inclination to give it up.

The good Counteſs has loſt all hopes of again ſeeing her huſband; his eſtates, and effects, are ſeized upon; and ſhe has, in vain, endeavoured to diſcover the place of his confinement. Perhaps his life may have already fallen a ſacrifice to the vigilant jealouſy of his oppreſſors The reſidence of her relations, within the confines of

Poland, has been a general excuſe for not inviting her to take up her reſidence among them. With the mother of Caroline, ſhe might have been ſure of an aſylum, but ſhe is unfortunately ſtill engaged at Cracow, in a ſimilar pernicious buſineſs to that which ruined me; and from her uncertainty, as to the duration of her legal proceedings, ſhe was, very lately, induced to part with her houſe at Vienna.

This ſituation of the Counteſs, and the decreaſing ſtate of that pittance, which ſhe has been enabled to raiſe from the ſale of her jewels, has ſuggeſted to me a ſcheme, which, I confeſs, appears, on a firſt view, a little romantic; but which, on mature conſideration, ſeems perfectly rational.

The

The oppreſſive conduct of the Diet towards the Count, and the well-ſupported machinations of my uncle againſt me, have led the Counteſs, and myſelf, mutually to ſigh after a land of liberty. I have written to a Swiſs officer, with whom I formerly ſerved, to purchaſe for me, if poſſible, if not, to hire a moderate parcel of land, with a good weather proof farm houſe. It is true, I do not, at preſent, underſtand a great deal of agriculture; but I think, by labour, and œconomy, I may increaſe the little ſtock, which the rapacity of man has left us.

Us?—has left us?—I know the queſtion you would aſk—"will you "then, at laſt, wed your Julia to po-"verty?" Alas! Albert, I know not what I will do—my mind becomes

comes a complete chaos whenever I revolve the ſubject. A thouſand motives ariſe to aid an almoſt irreſiſtible inclination; and prudence, the only opponent, diſcovers ſuch ſtrong reaſons on both ſides, that I may fairly ſay, ſhe ſtands neuter.

One word more, Albert, in which I am conſcious I ſhall offend; but a conviction that the meaſure is both juſt and neceſſary, muſt plead my pardon. You muſt not know the place of my retreat. It is enough to have ruined myſelf—I muſt not ruin my friend!

MANSFELD.

It was not long after he had written this letter, that Mansfeld accompanied the Counteſs, and her daughter Julia, to a ſmall farm, which his friend had hired for him in the Pais de Vaud. The chief part of his remaining hiſtory, is collected from a kind of irregular journal, which he kept during his retirement, and of which the parts which are particularly unintereſting are omitted.

6 MA 50

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.